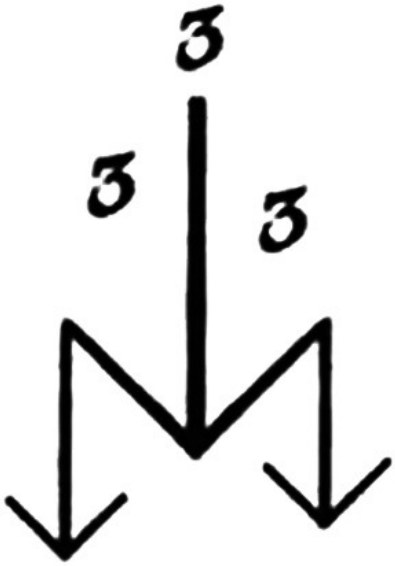
:Codex Karnac:



Black Bhakti & the Nectar of Noctulian Devotion

A compilation of the hideous rasas and transcendental pastimes of the original Noctulian Blood Family.

Dedicated to the Curse of this Age, Falcifer.

SOLVET SAECLUM IN FAVILLA

***

Attention:
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Death Spiral Press

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Codex Karnac: First Edition

In dedication to the genuine, true founder and Blood Father of the original Tempel ov Blood.

Blood Lord Karnac Velton

:Foreword:

As a former long standing member of the Tempel ov Blood and personal student of **Blood Lord Karnac Velton,** I present to you for the first time via the auspices of Death Spiral Press, the foundational manuscripts of the ToB in its genesis uncensored.

As it was; as it was intended to be...

The following compilation of MSS were written by the original "Blood Father" and founding member of the ToB which reveal the authentic gnosis, ethos and praxis of the 7 Fold Vampiric Way prior to the organization being tainted, tarnished and defiled internally by degenerate hubris, federal informants and hedonist trash; those whom sought to exploit the Tempel for their own deplorable pleasures and self-serving gratuitous profanities.

- Tyrant Nirrta

Incipit Codex Karnac

Knife fight atop silo

BARRIE BARBER
■ THE [redacted] NEWS

Two [redacted] men were hospitalized after a brutal knife fight about midnight Saturday atop a silo in [redacted] that left one man severely injured, authorities said.

The two had climbed up the more than 80-foot-tall bean elevator at [redacted] and [redacted] to help one man get over his fear of heights before he attended a military boot camp, [redacted] police said.

Both [redacted] men, friends since grade school, accused each other of provoking the fight for no apparent reason, police said.

Officers reported the man who suffered the worst injuries was beaten with a pipe before he was stabbed. He lost his left eye, sustained a severe cut to his stomach that caused serious internal injury, and cuts to his head, chest, left shoulder, left hand, and neck. The other man had a knife wound that penetrated through his left arm and into his side, police said.

While the two struggled on a silo ladder, they apparently fell from one level to another, said Sgt. Brian Lipe. They later climbed or crawled down the rest of the way, police said.

Officers found the most seriously injured man conscious but laying in the street at Jackson and South Hamilton. He had asked a passerby to call 911, police said.

The other man was found in the drive-through at McDonald's restaurant, 510 S. [redacted]. He told police he acted in self-defense.

Officers said they made no arrests because of the severity of the injuries.

Emergency personnel took both men to [redacted] Medical Center-Cooper. The hospital listed the two in fair condition late Saturday.

[redacted] police detectives were investigating the incident, Lipe said.■

:Viscera:

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2. Concerning ToB
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4. Focus and Direction
5. Tempel ov Blood Crest
6. Discipline of the Gods
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8. Song of Satan
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27. Archaelus Baron (E.A. Koetting) Dialogues

:Noctulian Black Bhakti:

Introduction -

The following booklet has been released to give the public a small taste of the practices used by the Tempel ov Blood and its Noctulian Family. The Following will enable the reader to grasp our supreme science of bhakti, which is necessary for individuals to enter into our particular bloodline. Bhakti will dovetail the human emotions in a supremely sinister fashion, and allow a Dark God to emerge. What is contained within is horrifying to the human psyche, and will aid in the human death, leaving room for invading 'unclean Spirits'. Those who wish to become Noctulians will be expected to be able to not only handle the horrid practices of the Tempel, but to exalt in such. Our ways are not human ways, and after the bi-polar state has been awakened, the human must be put into shock and obliterated. These rites will enable the Dark One to rise and the Vampire nature to manifest.

The practice of bhakti by the Tempel ov Blood is not to be confused with blind worship, or petty sycophancy. It is a supreme science, and the relationship created via bhakti far surpasses despicable human relations. The development of "rasas" for Noctulians still entombed in the flesh, and Dark Gods from Beyond will speed ones transformation incredibly.

Thus far no other organization has surpassed the Tempel ov Blood's initiation process. It is the culmination of the wisdom attained by years of trial, hardship, and ordeal.

The process is proven by experience to work, and is open to those who are willing to shed humanity and cross the Abyss where man ceases to be. Few will understand our version of bhakti, but those that do will be of the elite.

While little comparison can be made to other paths, a study of Vaishnavism and "The Nectar of Devotion" by A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada may help. By understanding a Vaishnava's devotion to Sri Krishna and the "rasa's" one may understand the Noctulians ghastly perverted version of this science.

An entity that is created via these practices is worthy of awe, worship, devotion, and is completely inimical to human life. It is these Noctulians who will be reserved a seat at the Banquet of the Best that is to come.

And Ever Darker, Recall
Blood Lord Karnac Velton
August 22nd
9 B.H. 115yf

:Concerning ToB:

The ToB Blood Pool is a rather abstract concept, vampiric in origin. The Tempel is a living organism, and it has a certain Blood Current. As you have I am sure discerned, it is a very dark chronozic current. Your mss displayed it very well. Any inspiration you receive from using the ToB sigils or mss, or our ordeals is eating and drinking of the Blood Pool. Your contributions are sacrifices of your own Blood-Essence. Thus a communion and transformation occurs. A union. This is what real membership is, not a card, not a title, but communion.

The ToB is in some sense an Undead God, and by giving it sacrifices of Blood Essence those that work with it receive a return flow of higher Blood-Essence, known as the Rain of Mercy in the ToV. I myself in a causal sense am the creator of the ToB, but in a more acausal sense I am merely a channel. I don't control it, I merely give it form. Just so you know, being a part of the Blood Pool does not mean you are part of the "Family" (this term requires some familiarity to Vampirism) and I don't think you want to be part

of the Family as that implies acceptance of a Hierarchy that genuine Satanists reject unless they are on top. I, of course, place myself at the top and feed on those below me. But by simply being a part of the Blood Pool you are not part of the Hierarchy, but rather it is just like working with a Dark God, you don't worship Them, you commune transform and breakthrough.

I hope this made sense, I am not sure if you have any background in Vampirism, but here it is. If you have liked what you have seen of the ToB so far, and think you will like to be part of the Blood Pool then I will send the CD with the Eorthe manual I will be sending. As for the Blood Pool concept, to explain it further, the mss you wrote for the TOB was a partaking of the Blood Pool (aligning yourself with our intent) and then adding to it with your own via making a creative project.

As for ToB archetypes, we use and encourage the ONA pantheon, but have developed some new archetypes, and also use some others. Looking at the ToB art you often see an Alienic element. Most of the archetypes that originate with the ToB are for use in other groups and currents. For example, Jesus Christ within Identity circles is being turned

into a kind of Yashua Vindex, more on this inside the "Coming of Vindex" mss you will receive. Also we have created the "Alienic Terminator Satanic Shock Troop" archetype to infect the psyche of Sinister types and allow for a more fanatical prescencing of the Dark. Some individuals have experimented with older Vampiric archetypes with some interesting results. You will get a better feel for our archetypes by reading the mss.

The feel you will get from the ToB is something that has not yet been manifest, the ToB is presencing some new things, and is drawing on all currently available Age of Fire archetypes as well. One major aspect to the Tempel is that those who are successful in the Sinister Path and work with us closely are part of a new Mythos. It is these living Gods who will be emulated and revered by the next generation of adherents.

We are creating archetypes around ourselves that will allow for a more tangible and real object of emulation by future Neonates. Anton Long has done this for himself, and very well, as the energies he created as GM are in many ways even responsible for the growth of the ToB if you view it acausally. He

has even shaken himself off the Tree, and planted the seeds to the Age of Fire. Even if most neonates are unaware of it, the energies of the Dark Gods possess and enthral all Sinister Adherents who have not yet crossed the chasm.

I hope this has helped. The ToB mss will aid you more.

For Now, JAN 2003 B

O , You are most correct in our process, at least how it works for the cult followers. Genuine Sinister Adherents work with us differently; as you are an example I need not explain. But it is usually subtle. They slowly become a cell in the organism known as the ToB. Some are immediately pulled in, usually by the charisma of a Czar or myself. As you know, people are selfish. So they will not give essence without something in return. We DO give them a return flow of Blood, the Blood of Chronozon. Or in special cases, if we like an individual, they are given a taste of our own Blood-Essence. (A Case of this is shown in the MSS Azanigin. The Czar fed the young boy his blood before he went to the nuthouse. The Czar, The Blood Mistress, and Myself are described in some detail in part

one. Czar is the smoker, I obviously am the Master of the Tempel, and the woman petting the cat is the Blood-Mistress.)

We always put them through experiences that "imprint" the ToB into their minds. We may offer them the fleshy pleasure of a demonic woman, we may put them through harsh ordeals, we alter their state of consciousness etc.

Each act that puts them in an ecstatic or altered state they associate with the ToB, thus the ToB is eventually their God.

This Tempel is in many ways a social programming experiment. While we do create fanatics, we must make the "fake" adherents entries look as if it is obviously their will and good for them to serve the ToB. It has to be subtle. In the later stages it becomes more overt and at that point it is too late for them to change. They become so alienated from humanity that, well, haha, if they tried to go back, they will still cause so much disruption. Saturn descends

This is good for now, In Blood,

Czar BLKV
Tempel ov Blood

:Secret Program:
Monarch Social Experiment

In a letter in the early 2000's to another Satanist, Sutter explained his methodology for what he called "mind control" and "brainwashing at least how it works for the cult followers.

Genuine Sinister Adherents work with us differently; as you are an example I need not to explain. But it is usually subtle. They slowly become a cell in the organism known as the Tempel ov Blood. Some are immediately pulled in, usually by the charisma of a Czar or myself. As you know, people are selfish, so they will not give essence without something in return. We DO give them a return flow of Blood, the Blood of Choronzon. Or in special cases, if we like an individual, they are given a taste of our own Blood-Essence. A case of this is shown in the MSS Azanigin (an internal ToB publication distributed only to limited, approved members of their Satanic temple). The

Czar fed the young boy his blood before he went to the nuthouse. The Czar, The Blood Mistress, and myself are described in some detail in part one.

Czar is the smoker, I obviously am the Master of the Tempel, and the woman petting the cat is the Blood- Mistress.

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will still cause so much disruption. Saturn descends This is good for now.

In blood,
BLKV

:Focus and Direction:

For those so inclined to work with the Tempel ov Blood (after proving their Noctulian potential), our main aims are threefold:

First, we wish to hold as our highest priority the creation of the New Being. The realization of the meaning of the human's life is this - humans are nothing in themselves, they are great however once they have decided to become a bridge to the New Being variously described and symbolized by Homo Galactica, Ubermensch, Noctulians, Vampires, and the various titles given to Alien beings in such mythologies. ANY and ALL humans who fail to embrace this evolutionary urge will serve as food and a resource to be used by the New Being- as a human would a lesser animal. Thus is our philosophy and way of being a terror to the Magian. So much sweeter will their Blood Essence be to consume...

Second, the infiltration and manipulation of organizations and forms with Sinister potential. Aryanism, particulary the more religiously

fanatically forms of it, such as Christian Identity are a good example.

The manipulating Noctulain is to use these forms for their own Presencing of the Dark, as well as changing in subtle ways the followers of such forms to following a more Sinister direction. For example, in Identity, using knowledge of the Biblical doctrines and prophecies encourage war, hardship, and system disruption using the scriptures as guidance and proof of the message you are sending to adherents of the said form. Any form with a transhuman, system disruption, or satanic direction to it may be of use here. The key is finding a form that in itself is an aid to the Dialect and empowering it further, causing a saturation of Acasual Energy.

Third, disruption of Magian organizations. Whether overlty occult forms, such as Judeo-Christian churches, Wicca covens, pseudo-satanic temples, or more physical down to earth forms such as Magian political groups and government. These need to be infiltrated and disrupted via both magical means (the ways of which are detailed in a ms not available to the

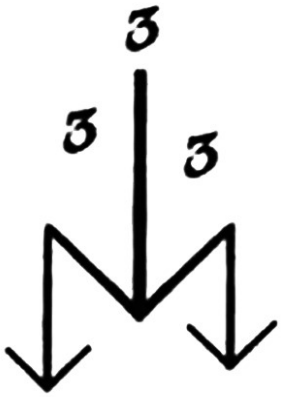
public) as well as in more physical and practical ways.

The Tempel itself is but a means for the Noctulain Empire to provide a harsh alchemical change process to those who seek it, allowing them to aid the dialect on their own with the knowledge and skills attained during the transformation. Those few who go on to become Noctulians will join with us in our Harvest and pass thru the Jihad as One of Them that will reign immortal in the Dark Land.

"Come as a reaper, for thus will you sow." - Black Book of Satan

Lord Karnac 114YF Era Horrificus

:ToB Crest:
Analysis of the Runic Emblem



Three inverted `Tyr' runes signifying Lawlessness, Destruction and Anti-Justice; blasphemous to Tyr the old god of justice, law and order.

Three `Isa' runes the ice rune which represents NIFLHEIMR the land of Darkness, cold, mist and fog. `Monomaniacal' singular focused will.

Six inverted `Laguz' runes the powers/element of water. Reversed signifies the chaotic, evil aspects of water. Organic growth gone askew - creation of abominations.

:Discipline of the Gods:

The Satanic Monkhood

History is made and the destiny of civilizations are decided by hard men. Hard men are only bred via hard experience. All that is caustic, severe, harsh and cruel compromises the territory in which the vampiric/satanic/ demonic aspirant must traverse and master. The horribly mangled whited sepulchre known as 'modern thought' and 'current theology' safely sidesteps with care that which truly merits the title of sinister.

False so-called 'Satanism" of the LaVeyan and Setian veins see the archetype of Satan as pure and unbridled hedonism - a domesticated consumer and seeker of pleasure and so-called 'hidden knowledge', nothing more.

The stark facts remain: Too much indulgence breeds individuals who are soft, fussy and generally classified as dross of the human population by Sinister standards. The idea of Satan/Satanism being nothing more than pursuit of pleasure, a proud hedonist

which functions within the safe legal confines of Western society, is false.

What is more, it is an insult to the very idea of Satan and Black Magick.

The concept of Satanism as promulgated by the Church of Satan is, in itself, part of the overall Magian deception. It is a disinformation front operated by the White Lodge to obfuscate the true and startlingly dark and evil nature of the Sinister itself.

If we look closely, we will see that the modern 'Judeo-Christians' are closely linked with the disease of spiritual enervation which afflicts the false Satanists, the poseurs. The White Lodge of the Magians wish to crush out all that is dark and possessing the promethean gleam of progress and evolution. They wish to turn the wilderness into sub-divided land for shopping malls and quaint suburban dwellings. They deny the true and holy emotions of Predation, Revenge, Discipline, Honor, Glory, Sorrow and Sacrifice. They do, and encourage others to do likewise, to live and promulgate a version of reality which is nothing more than a jewish fantasy.

The Satanic/Vampiric/Demonic Neonates, Initiates, Adepts and Masters of the Tempel ov Blood are, in essence, shock troops of the Apocalypse.

Entities and intelligences who do or are working towards embodying the acasual forces of the Aeon-to-come. As such, they are disruptive by nature to the current society which nears the 'Day of Wrath' spoken of in our holy chants (see "Dies Irae, Dies Illa"). True Satanists and vampiric entities (bred through ordeals and the alchemical change processes of our Sinister Path) are essentially embodiments of chaos and evil. They in themselves are literal nexions, portals to the powers and energies of the new, Galactic Aeon which looms upon the horizon. They possess a certain awareness. They cut through the disinformation, propaganda and thralldom to fantasy that runs rampant in Magian-influenced society and are, in essence, the only true realists.

Satan is the archetype of the untamed wilderness. His is the skies. His is the earth. He is no stranger to intrigue, espionage, genocide, violence and nuclear war. He is the possessor of secrets. He is the guardian of the

occult. He is the master of Awe and Derision. Satan - whose word is CHAOS.

Satan is what we strive to become, literally, in real life. Not a person who only assumes the tint of 'Sinister' within the safety of a ritual setting but rather a literal walking demon of darkness. An undead, uncool and uncaring clan deathsmen. A hard man, bred via hard experience.

The dangerous terrains of what we of the Tempel term as vampiric only serve to explicate that new sort of intelligence, that entity which is alien and very disruptive to modern society, which neonates of the Tempel ov Blood seek to become. Erase all images of the emasculated 'romantic' version of the vampiric that is promoted via media and most films. This usually has nothing at all to do with the physical reality of vampiric intelligences, who exist embodied in the physical and disembodied in the astral. The nature of the vampiric is extensively catalogued as 'folklore' all across the earth planet and has been recorded for thousands upon thousands of years. The preconceived Magian/Nazarene ideals and falsehoods which are ingrained via neurological imprinting since childhood must be

erased from the mind of the Neonate if he or she wishes to reach into the Backwards Darkness and BECOME something which is more than human.

All old and outmoded forms of the body and psyche must be discarded. The spirits of the Undead Gods must inhabit a new vessel which has been cleansed in the holy fires of ordeal, trial and hardship.

Old an unproductive neurological imprints may only be erased through exploring the shadow-self of the world and one's own psyche and body.

Exploring and learning to use the dark, hard world as one's arena of operations. The earth itself ("tui sunt caeli, tua est terra...) is the working arena of the Holy and Immaculate Satanists and Vampires of the TEMPEL OV BLOOD. Via the Tempel, you will, if you are part of said temple, be aided in the eradication of chaff from your being. You yourself must be willing to step into the caustic and sinister black flames of change.

This change will be enacted (amongst other methods) via SHOCK, TRIAL, ORDEALS AND TORTURE OF THE MIND AND BODY AND SOUL. You must effectively

die to the self and the ego of which you now consist to step into the glorious undeath which you seek. You must feel and experience first hand the glory of horror and the purity of pain.

Transformation must be enacted if you wish to reach into the higher stages of BREAKTHROUGH and beyond...

As is stated by Adolf Hitler (an individual whom should be carefully studied by all who wish to enter into what is known as the Sinister) concerning youth: He desired the youth of his day to be an IRON YOUTH - heard as krupp steel and within their eyes, very visible, the cold hard stare of a beast of prey.

We must become as such.

We must not set low expectations for our progress. We must embrace "Joy through Discipline" and strive towards the triumph of the Will. We must become familiar with brutal force and overcoming obstacles. Not merely overcoming obstacles, but decimating them entirely.

Seek not to become the next deluded occultist, but seek instead to become the next Dictator, the next

black wizard who shall ascend the pyramid of skulls via the piercing and destruction of many, many minds. You shall become as we state. Our black hands of undeath are upon you now even as you read these words. You shall become that predator, that sinister beast of prey.

Our history and the vampiric lineage of the Tempel ov Blood shows us that we are to be harsh. We are those who are at one with the 'Day of Wrath'.

We walk amongst the stale and ghastly atmospheres and rotted flesh of the tombs and cremation grounds. Swarms of rats carrying the Black Plague are included in our astral entourage. Genocide is our pleasure, and pestilence is our portion. We walk not in life nor in death, but rather, in the undeath of entities which have transcended humanity altogether.

The truth of undeath and understanding of what it means by being in a state of 'undead-ness' will only be revealed via your own effort, which must prove to your temple and yourself if you are possessed of the fanatical will that is necessary to step into a higher plane of psychic, astral, intellectual, emotional and physical

evolution. You must break yourself as you are now if you wish to create and re-create yourself.

Discipline, privation and hardship must be imposed for the deadly and sinister vampiric entity to blossom forth from your particular shell of potential. You yourself must not simply fantasize about the dark nature of the vampiric, you must live it - in the physical realm. To actually perform Sinister Chant while sitting upon a corpse in the crematory grounds. To live as a walking corpse, eating no physical sustenance, living upon the dark rays of the moon deep within the forbidden and wild hinterlands. To manipulate and use force for the furtherance of the Sinister Dialectic.

In this manuscript we will be exploring the nature of privation, discipline and pain pursuant to the pathworkings of those who wish to become and enter the state of monkhood of vampiric and satanic power.

Many of the advanced practices that accompany what shall be explicated within are kept secret only to be revealed to you via oral tradition by legitimate representatives of the Tempel ov Blood. This manuscript itself

we wish not to keep secret - whomever hands it falls into, it shall aid in Presencing of the Dark and become grist for the mill of progress which shall usher in the coming Noctulian Empire.

The methods within are hard, but such is necessary to become an acolyte of real darkness and real evil. To become a courtesan of the Prince, the Master of Awe and Derision - whose name is Satan, and whose word is CHAOS.

Build not upon sand but upon rock And build not for today or yesterday but for all time.

(7th Statements of the 21 Satanic Statements of the Order of Nine Angles)

'And yours is the kingdom, for Aeons and aeons...'

Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace.

Far and large, the concept known as 'peace' is and will remain, an ephemeral and illusory concept. 'Peace' is something that people seek - but yet it continues to elude them. From every angle that sinister obscurer destroys illusion and brings reality (if only

for a little while) into focus. That destroyer of illusion is known in layman's terms as chaos. The White Lodge via the doctrines of the Nazarene sing their songs of praise to a 'Prince of Peace' - yet even in their own scriptures their deity states that during the turning of the age people will cry for peace, peace when in fact, there is no peace! As the prey spends time building the psychological house of cards that help them make it through the day (or years) and continue to ignore what is reality, chaos will intervene and destroy their illusions - pulling the proverbial rug out from under their feet. Rather than learning from such experiences, the herd quickly recoups and catches hold onto another illusion to keep them on an 'even keel' - to keep order in and to keep chaos out.

What most do not understand is that strife, conflict and War (the latter being one of the most infamous no-no's of modern society, or so they say!) are essential - they are necessary for progress. They breed character. And, large scale conflicts (such as a world war for instance) further serves to clean out the dross, the weak, from the population as well as building individuals (the conquering

warriors and all so intimately involved) into forces which shall need to be reckoned with in the future. Many pivotal figures of the last hundred years have been frontline fighters. An example from America would be Timothy MacVeigh. A prime example of a frontline soldier going on to enact Aeonic change would be Adolph Hitler.

When most people say they want 'peace', what they really want is to live life in a fashion where they are able to exist (note that I said exist, not live) in such a fashion that reality will not intrude. Such is an attitude which has come into vogue largely via the brain manipulation of the Nazarene ethos. What is unpleasant is evil and therefore should be avoided. This sort of attitude, combined with the soft consumerist vision of modern society - serves to breed an entire generation of weaklings.

Certain people term "peace" as the freedom to live alone, without the bother intrusions from society or an overbearing government. This is something entirely different. Rather than 'peace' this should be termed as 'freedom' - for in the Imperium stage which we now inhabit, finding the

aforementioned solitude and self-government is something which has to be struggled for - war must be employed to achieve freedom of that sort.

The White Loge wishes you to become a person who is lassitudinous and bereft of action. In a sense, they seek a populace of soft and pliable human vegetables. The society being the vegetable garden into which you must assimilate yourself. If you do not assimilate, then you must face the consequences (persecution, social ostracism, prison or in some extreme cases, death). Another acceptable human type which is mass produced by the Magians is the caricature busy-body.

This person (the busy-body) chases after illusory causes, enwrap themselves in meaningless intrigue of a noxious and irrelevant sort (ie: can you believe who movie star "X" married? How about that football team "Z" beating football team "Y"!) and dies at an old age with a full schedule of irrelevant and non-disruptive activities to engage themselves in.

People who seek "peace" as a primary objective (or people who fallaciously use the concept of peace for their own consumerist agenda) are

never the sort of people who carve out nations from wild and uninhabited continents. They are not the sort of people who compose great works of music, literature or art.

They are not the sort of people who become world leaders, or the sort who start world wars. The 'peace-niks' are the heroes of a sick, Magian-influenced society. They are embodied in such disgusting pieces of human filth such as Mother Thereasa, Martin Luther King Jr., ad naseum. True role-models, true heroes, have been relegated to the caste of ill repute who are commonly called 'war criminals'. Taking the place of the world leaders and men and women of action are the heroes of the degraded society - including such non-entities as sports stars, movie actresses, comedians, etc. For any who have studied history with a perspective, for any who have any sort of knowledge and lust for power - you will look at the world today and realize that there is something very wrong going on in the social engineering of today's society.

This Magian, Nazarene and weak programming is what the Satanists and the Aeonic Magickans who respect PROGRESS wish to combat. Every

Satanic/Vampiric/Demonic practitioner of the Tempel ov Blood is essentially an ENEMY COMBATANT in the arena of the 'souls' of the masses.

Regardless of the rise and tide of the battles between that which is Sinister and that which is Magian - the Sinister always tends to hold out. Why? Because the Sinister is concerned with reality, the Sinister does not shirk from chaos - which we know is the word by which our Prince is recognized. And, as weak as the populace may become, there will always be one or two Satanic individuals who will perform what is necessary to tip the scales. Those of the Sinister path are the makers of history. And even now all across the globe - Satanic temples are operating, many in a very clandestine manner, to Presence the Dark. One of the means that this is enacted is via the opening of portals of chaos - the creation of nexions. A nexion is a person/place/thing/concept/philosophy ad infintium which accomplishes the purpose of becoming a gateway to the Acasual. Acasual forces (namely, the Dark Gods which are the harbingers of energies which are beneficial to the progress of mankind as a whole and therefore, disruptive to the current malaise which infests the land) enter

through said nexion into the casual (our world). Such is the essence of change.

As one who holds dear the fact that we should "Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace" you yourself will seek via the Sinister Path to become a nexion. You will become a vessel carrying certain knowledge, insight and energies which are more characteristic of the Aeon-to-come than the current dying Western Aeon. An orthodox interpretation of an individual who is a nexion would be someone who is considered POSSESSED.

When you perform pathworkings to call forth the Dark Gods from the horrid angles which are compacted into the numerical matrix of nine, you will be INVOKING them rather than EVOKING them.

When you INVOKE, you take that spirit/energy/what-have-you into yourself. Such an act will naturally cause pain to the ego which you have carefully built up over the years (or perhaps the ego that has been carefully built up for you by the social engineers of the White Lodge). If we think carefully on this, we can find a

parallel with a vampiric explanation of a similar occurrence.

One takes the blood of an Elder (or the infused lifeforce of the Undead Gods from beyond the gate) into oneself. This lifeforce begins to enact the alchemical change process - and the aspirant practitioner of vampiric sorcery begins to transform, mutate and change. In the deepest stages the original astral self (ie: the embodying entity) will have for all effective purposes died. Died, been killed (by invading vampiric entities who wish to possess the physical body are permanently put into a stage of limbo or imprisonment on some obscure and dead alien landscape. Via the alchemical change process, the body itself (we mean here the physical) has also changed. It is no longer what it was, it is different going down into the very sub-atomic structures of such.

Therefore, the body is dead. You have a walking corpse. What makes this corpse walk? The reanimation caused by the entrance of the Undead Gods. Such an individual will be seen to have become a vessel of demonic intelligences which are pro-Sinister nature and anti-Magian illusion.

Death leading to UNDEATH is a necessary state for any evolution to take place. This is true for individuals (and essential to the alchemical change process) as well as civilizations. To effectively allow the entities and infrastructures of the New Aeon to flourish, all the remains of the Old Aeon must be razed to the ground. Metamorphosis is never easy.

When seeking to become a conduit for Sinister energies - one must take on the attitude of a CONQUERER. Cursed are those that allow in themselves the creeping disease of Magian thought, existence and behavior - there is only one way to eradicate fully those insidious detractors from the evolution which you seek. That is through becoming SATANIC - becoming the adversary - possessing a Promethean/Faustian outlook and willing to go the necessary miles to become more than human. Metamorphosis is never easy. Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace.

This essay was written as a commentary upon the third Satanic Statement from the 21 Satanic Statements of Conrad Robury. The author is a Westerner being held in a third

world country on erroneous charges of terrorism.

:The Coming of Vinder:

Introduction:

At the time of this writing, that being, the sinister year 114yf (Year of the Fuhrer) eh (Era Horrificus) and known in the Roman calendar by 2003 Anno Domini, the civilization of the West is declining at a rapid rate. This Aeon is coming to a close via natural cause, however, the fall is being agitated and the aeonic forces distorted by the Magian forces who are embodied in the term 'the white lodge' (versus the 'black lodge' of Sinister Adepts, Masters and Lady Masters, and Grand Masters). Being knowledgeable that the energies of the West are on the wane, the Magians have sought to capitalize on the situation (as is not uncommon) by distorting the Western energies and also by executing and influx of energies congruent to their own purposes.

The results of the Magian influence can be seen the world over, very prominent in Western Europe and pre-eminent in America and Canada especially. As sites such as Stonehenge and Babylon were esoteric strongholds

for particular groups of magickians working towards specific aeonic goals in times of yore we now see places such as New York City, Los Angeles and London being utilized by primarily Magian forces who are working for their own very specific aeonic outcomes.

Logically, such Magian strongholds are being and have been targeted both esoterically and exoterically by individuals and groups which are at odds with the Magian program. Some of these individuals and groups, such as Muslim extremists, are under the influence of an older, stagnant ethos which is threatened by the Magian powers and also is in sum, antithetical to the kind of program the White Lodge seeks to see realized. The variety of cultural minorities and specific aeonic cults that wish to see the downfall of the White Lodge and the Magian plans thwarted are many. Not all of them (and to be truthful, most of them do not) work towards aims themselves which could be viewed as in similitude with what is being sought by the various Sinister groups spread across the globe. However, by seeking the breakdown of the infrastructures associated with Magian power they are being quintessentially defiant and aiding in the dismantling of certain

institutions which impede a proper Imperium followed by a Galactic Aeon of sorts which has been premeditated by groups such as the Order of Nine Angles out of Shropshire, England.

Certain of these groups formations, especially those that are native to the West (a European example would be National Socialism, and American example would be the state's rights movements and the neo-secessionists) possess in themselves factors which are benevolent towards the Sinister strategy of a real, physical manifestation of Vindex - am event which will be a prelude to Imperium and a new Aeon which would flow from the (then) past Western Aeon. Such factions should be targeted and manipulated by Sinister Adepts as well as aided and subtly subverted towards Sinister purpose by Sinister Path Initiate. Even those groups which are not possessing pro-Sinister qualities but are at war with Magian forces should be aided in a way that they will hasten the downfall of the White Lodge, effectively being used by those of the Sinister Path as a sort of 'exoteric battering ram' against institutions that impede the Aeonic outcomes which we seek. After goals relating to their use have been completed, such groupings

can be termed expendable and dismantled or properly subverted towards any number of programs according to the acting will of the Sinister Path adherent so involved.

The 'coming of Vindex' which is described by Grand Master Anton Long of the Order of Nine Angles as the arrival of a 'person of destiny' who will possess the needed skills and abilities to mount a considerable offensive against forces that are detrimental to the Sinister Dialectic and rally forces which will invoke future, Sinister energies is not an uncommon theme. Such is virtually the same as the 'arrival of the warrior Christ' in Aryanism influenced christian cults (He comes, his vesture dripped in blood with a sword in hand, riding upon a white horse, flanked by celestial starships to cleanse the earth planet of anti-evolutionary jewish forces and their willing lackeys) or the 'incarnation of Kalki' as told in the Vedic myths (a warrior figure, similar to the above mentioned 'warrior Christ'). Such archetypes can be manipulated within their respective cults in order to, more and more, make attributes of their archetype equal to that of Vindex.

Likewise, a Vindex-type figure within the primitive sub-cultural Devil Worship cults can be seen in the figure of 'the Antichrist' . This 'Antichrist is the leader of darkness, a man of destiny, who is born into a physical body and rises to power in order to utterly wipe out the forces of Christianity and (magian) Messianic hopes - establishing a new Satanic Order upon the earth planet. In that sense, both 'Christ' and 'the Antichrist' are forms which can be manipulated by Sinister adherents to anticipate the arrival of Vindex.

Blood Lord Karnac Velton
Tempel ov Blood

:Song of Satan:

'They' are coming from the black depths of deep space 'They' have been awaiting the time for Aeons and Aeons The gates of Saturn, the black spaces of deathly silence. And in that day comfort shall be destroyed for the weak. And in that day the Noctulians shall reign in blood which shall be split in the streets up the level of the horses bridle. And it will be a blessing for all.

Oh Immaculate Tempel of Blood - thou hast paved the way for the opening of the gates to the Abysmal black Oh Secret Rites of Satan, how your slaves pour out themselves in sacrificial suicide for the manifestation of thy erotic principalities to darken the skies with infernal smoke of hell.

Every seventeen years. Every seventeen years. The certain son being the age of eleven moons times two shall be the gift for him, the gift for them!

Blood-splattered Baphomet, raise your knife above the porcelain flesh of thy male sacrifice. Four years after the turning of the millenium, thy shall

receive the fertilizer which shall birth demonic spirits of power.

They tremble at the gate of Saturn awaiting release so that the needful change shall sweep the stars and terra.

Do not speak. There is silence in the land. The silence has become the song of the Abyss - bring us forth, Sons of Night.

:Darkness:
A Confirming Necromancy

Obtain a cylinder shaped package of strong tobacco snuff. A brand such as 'COPENHAGEN' would be recommended, as it is strong with a pungent odor and comes in a black plastic case. Do not use metal as it will block energy.

Remove the labels from the package and inscribe the 'Diabolus' chant along the circumference of the side of the case. On the lid either inscribe or attach the symbol of NOCTULIUS or ATAZOTH.

Or, leave bare (a pure black surface). Tobacco is a form of nicotania and is actually a poison - known in older times by the name "nightshade". Remove some of the tobacco and add several drops of your own blood and (if possible) a pinch of goofer dust (dirt from a gravesite).

Before the rite put a quantity of this charged ethneogen in your mouth - allowing the mixture to seep into your bloodstream. Take the filled sigil and stroke it over your head, your hair and

ears. Move it up and down your cheeks and chin. As you do this, open yourself to the sinister energies the tincture is radiating out to you. Visualize the black expanse of space and the void and fell the alien forces of Them filling your physical vessel. Close your eyes and brush their lids lightly with the sigil. Say these words:

'I see darkness!'

Move the sigil lower. Smell it's dark scent. Drink in it's aroma. Let it fill you. Intone:

'I breathe darkness!'

Open your eyes. Move the sigil away from your head and hold it aloft.

Proclaim:

'I hold darkness!'

Lower the sigil to your heart. Stroke it up and down, soothing it, letting it's energies melt into yours. Say:

'I feel darkness!'

Move it down your stomach. Press it gently against your skin or clothing.

Say:

'I nourish darkness!'

Hold the sigil before you, gaze into it's blackness treating it as a mirror of sinister power. See the reflection of yourself as Satan.

Intone:

Darkness is before me.
Darkness is behind me.
Darkness is beside me.
Darkness is above me.
Darkness is below me.
Darkness is within me.
Darkness flows from me.
Darkness comes to me.
I am Darkness!

Place the sigil where you will see it often or carry it on your person in the weeks following this rite.

On the night of the New Moon, bury it in the earth and sibilate towards the ethers:

'Aperitur stella et germinet
Noctulius!'

:Transmissions Alienic:

"Sanctus Satanas Sanctus, Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth. Satanas - Venire! Satanas Venire! Ave Satanas, Ave Satanas! Tui sunt caeli, tua est terra - Ave Satanas "

The words of the Sinister chant whispered forth into the night, reverberating amongst the dead, stale air of a maximum security prison in a certain Western nation. All was dark in the area, as in that hour of night no one walked except a lone guard making his rounds.

As the words were spoken they came out with a slightly high-pitched, almost fiendish inflection. The adept knew that though such was being spoken in solitude, that the words were being sent out into the void and would, indeed, reverberate eternally throughout all the ethers. Call out to the Backwards Darkness and the Backwards Darkness will respond in time

As the prisoner stared out into the thin, slitted window of the cell into the vast, sprawling city

landscapes beneath him, he remembered words that he had heard spoken by his Satanic Master long ago: "Yours are the skies, yours are the earth " All the earth lies in wait, in sensual and feverish anticipation of the arrival of the Dark Gods from the black planes of the Acasual. The very blood of slain warriors of the Western Aeon groan in want of the beings which are to take their rightful place in the unfolding destiny of earth. When, via the harsh ordeals and alchemical change processes of those of the Seven-Fold Sinister Path, a new species shall be brought about - beyond and above what is currently called 'humanity'. The Dark shall be presenced. The Sinister shall manifest in the physical.

The prisoner continued chanting, without cessation, allowing one repitition to flow directly into the next. As the chant proceeded the adept noticed that a strange and anomolous heat began to presence itself in the cell - a hot, humid pressure as if the very atomic structure of the surrounding atmosphere was being changed rapidly and severely. The presence of the heat descended, and then settled itself in the area directly surrounding the chanter's body

Soon, the individual's vision began to blur and as he looked across the landscape filtered through the scum-covered window, he saw himself looking miles upon miles into the distance. A demonic quality of vision had entered into him, making his abilities absurd and acute. First he saw only the buildings a few miles away, but within minutes his vision took him far beyond the cosmopolitan vistas of the city and into the outlying countryside and soon, across oceans. And then, his vision extended across and beyond time-space itself.

A barbaric rustling of dead leaves and the snapping of branches comes into the realm of your auditory perception.

The tramping of hooves, but these are hooves of no animal that you have ever seen. Busting forth from the heath comes a squat, fuming figure with the legs of a goat and the body of a man.

Your flesh creeps as you see him, and you fell as if your head and very body will burst with this new sinister knowledge to which you have been made privy to. Things that mortal eyes are not meant to perceive. Oh, horror! This being is beyond human, it is in itself an inhumane creature, subject to every

barbaric cruelty and pagan practice imaginable!

See that it is sexually virulent as well as violent, for the stiffness of it's saturnine member is obvious.

It's eyes are pure black marble . It's head crowned with the obscured matted beard the color of the earth, sprinkled graciously with fragments of grey, blood-spattered brain tissue.

From the furried nest sprouts the curled horns of a ram.

Through the entities beard you perceive rows upon rows of sharpened animal teeth. The teeth of the predator. The fangs of a being who lives by the law of tooth and claw.

Every part of the entities body is a roaring monstrosity, a wonder unto itself. Oh Master of Awe and Derision! You find it hard to focus on any one part of the being's anatomy at any length of time and near impossible to comprehend the glories of his complete and full figure at even one glance.

Vaporous fog issues forth from the undead and alienic intelligence's snorting nostrils. Yet, the air around

him seems full of an insane heat - although the forest in which he stands is obviously enveloped in the cool chilled portions of season right before the onslaught of a bleak and frosted winter.

From the depths of the woods behind the entity you begin to hear the frenzied beating of tabors accompanied by laughter which seems to be issuing forth from children, male and female, who are possessed of some fulsome and preternatural intelligence.

'Agios O Atazoth!' - the chant is spoken, laughed and screamed into the twilight. Faster and faster and faster the chant is continued, faster and faster and faster is the beating of the primal drums. More possessed and sinister comes the laughter of the children of the woods. You begin to sink into the blackness of unconsciousness and the last thing you see is a small child with her ghostly mates begin to crowd around you; smiling with a sexual gleam that children of that age should not possess according to the dicates of the Magian Nazarene.

A small blonde girl smiles,

laughing softly as her lily white arms are outstretched to begin binding you with leather cords

"Sanctus Satanas Sanctus, Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth. Satanas - Venire! Satanas Venire! Ave Satanas, Ave Satanas! Tui sunt caeli, tua est terra - Ave Satanas "

In the depressive and black atmosphere of the prison cell, the adept continues his chant, and wonders about the Prince who is said to be arriving into the casual through and via the obscene and horrid angles which are compounded in a numerical matrix of nine. And what of that pristine and immaculate Tempel ov Blood, inhabited by the Cruel Emperors and Empresses who walk, yet are not living?

As dry wood is consumed to the flame, so is the earth and the age which is present consumed by disruptive energies which issue forth from the living and physical nexions which are portals of the Aeon-to-come. As the night ends, the prisoner sits looking out into the same vista of metropolitan horror, though now the night has ended

and the landscape is fogged with the humidity of a summer morning.

He knows that in tow hours he will be led down the steel and concrete hall to the electrocution chamber by grim faced federal agents. Through his mind, every instance of memory begins to bubble up into his conscious awareness

Walking through vast forests with the ravens circling overhead Being pelted with stones and bricks as he flew the swastika along with his comrades even in the most communist infested neighborhoods. The faces and soft bodies of the many girls and others that he had loved, and, inevitably lost.

Suddenly he hears the turn of the lock and the grim-faced guard stands before him, ready to carry him on to his final walk towards burning and searing death by high voltage physical incapacitation.

Immediately before the hood is brought over his eyes, several minutes before the execution starts when he knows that he will convulse as his eyeballs liquefy and smoke arises from the busted sinews of his hands, a

vision of Aeons past and Aeons to come is brought forth into his mind's eye.

The ram horned entity in the forest, along with the sensual throng of little children, wait for him anxiously. His tour of duty on this the casual plane was soon to end, but his purpose had been served. He had made the ultimate sacrifice. He had given a Gift to the Prince.

May 03, 30
ERA HORRIFICUS
Ravensbruck Terra (Terror)

:The Cruel Empress:

Bitter night winds of winter rushed through the grim landscapes, audibly shrieking against the tips of the cragged mountains and down through the ancient hardwood forests. The hooting of the owls was lost among the symphony of night triumphant as the limbs of the wood creaked in evil rejoicing of the dawning of the dark.

High atop a particularly ghastly mountain stood a black castle built entirely of onyx - it's forbidding shadow structure built upon the very face of the rock. Thousands of years ago, vast tunnel systems had been built leading from the castle into the very roots of the mountain below the earth.

Down these horrid corridors were dungeons deep and dark, their prisoners lost and forgotten and silenced by the endless night.

Along a downward slanting road through the forest leading toward the castle main gate trotted a team of four pale horses pulling a covered wagon of deep burgundy. The coachman was tall and gaunt, clean-shaven and very pale

for he had never seen the light of the sun. If you would have been standing close to the road when the carriage passed, you would have heard the sound of young sobs and crying coming from it's decadent recesses. Inside the carriage rode only the Empress and her Opfer for the evening.

At one time, according to legend, the Empress herself had been but a common girl - living in one of the innumerable nondescript villages in the nondescript land before the turning of the Aeon and the return of the Undead Gods to open power. When she was seventeen years old she was visited by a certain noxious intruder during the night and since then she had been Immortal. Her Immortality had bred in her a coldness, a cool and clinical approach to rule over humans, her herd , with a fist of iron bathed in a torrent of ever flowing claret.

An hour later her coach was inside the castle gates. The coachmen opened the door quickly and then began unhitching the team of horses, leading them to the stables beyond. The Empress led the young peasant girl, who was now quite hysterical, towards the entrance of her nocturnal abode.

All the while she cooed and caressed the young female, offering false assurance. Even so, the Empress' eyes shone with a demonic luminence.

All that had been human had left her, thousands of years before, on that fateful night of darkness and pain when she herself was but a teenaged wench.

Up endless corridors, through passageways and down spiraled stairways beneath ornate paintings dedicated to her kinsmen - Azanigin, Shugara,

Gaubni The opfer still sobbed but the Empress pulled her along as one would a child, with indifference towards the suffering which she was inducing for the mortal serf.

"Please ma'm, please! Let me return home!"

The Empress gave a cold smile over her shoulder before responding, still pulling the child along incessantly.

"Certainly you would rather stay here, with me?"

The girl looked incredulous, before breaking out into a new spat of sobs and sniffing.

"Come, come child I am the Lady of this land, and you have been specially chosen to be with me on this night. It is not everyday that one such as you becomes the guest royalty, hmmm?"

The girl did not respond.

"Child, you must realize that we are all part of the whole. And, as such, it comes down to the bare facts of the matter that your independent wishes or comfort mean little in relation to the onward concourse of the change which my Initiates and Adepts have and continue to execute. Don't you realize child, that you are now a daughter of the New Aeon? And, by your blessed flesh being submitted to my own, you shall ensure the continuation of what has already been started?"

The girl began crying hysterically, whispering the words "Oh Baphomet, mercy for us sweet Baphomet" in-between her emotional outbursts.

"There, there child. That's better."

Three o'clock in the morning, the hour of the Wolf and the inauspicious portent of Fenris, the blessed slayer

of the white-sepulchers who were called 'gods' in the old Aeon.

The blue room is now splattered with shed blood. A thick trail of the stuff leads towards the spiral staircase which descends downward. At the bottom of the staircase is a ladder which leads upwards towards the very top.

Outside the castle.

The Empress stands looking over into the vast forests of the pre-dawn. The wind has calmed and an eerie silence permeates the landscape.

Cradled in her arms is the desiccated husk of the child. Already, her blood which was spilt has spawned several golems, which will be useful for the workings which lie ahead.

"Noctulians"

The Empress speaks with a husky, sensual voice.

Below, wolves gather from the forest, howling at the Empress and gazing upward towards the fortifications of the castle.

The Empress leans over and drops the corpse into the thin air. It drops, thudding upon the wintry ground where it is quickly quartered and consumed by the wolves.

:Night of Satan:

Gwydion made an exit from his older model automobile, stretched lazily, then shut the door without bothering to lock. Above him stretched a pale blue of oncoming twilight. Before him loomed a rather nondescript but indulging (after a fashion) structure which could not be mistaken for anything but a modern shopping mall. As if to prove this point, Gwydion's senses perked appreciably as the smell of cotton-candy perfume and the sound of youthful chattering caused him to turn and investigate.

Three modern maidens of the freshman variety passed Gwydion without as much as a glance to him or his less-than-impressive vehicle. Their moon-like faces sparkled with glitter and oddly colored lip-gloss. Gwydion paused to drink of their blood essence.

Turning away, he sighed, and continued towards his destination with scenes of the girls he passed suffering various tortures in remote Wallachian castles playing happily in his mind's eye.

The mall, on a typical Friday night in a typical American suburb, was suffused with life. The destination of many domesticated youth, the scenes was occasionally spiced with smatterings of older twenty-year-old somethings (the latter often viewed as very thrilling and 'dangerous' by the former) who would stop off a beginning-of-the-weekend stroll before proceeding to late-night revelries of fast food, gluttonous drug use, and sex; not particularly in that order. For any self-proclaimed "vampire" (what to mention de facto adolescent) in the suburbs, this was the place to go for a bit of feeding and a chance to "keep one's fingers on the pulse of things", as was good to do on occasion.

Two squires of the senior variety and one maid of sophomore variety strolled towards the hero of our story. The males of the small band were dressed in ridiculously oversized blue jeans, backwards caps, and tent-like sports jerseys bearing gaudily embroidered infinity loops. The female was attired as a slut. Let's be frank, shall we?

As the trio drew closer, they mumbled something then laughed over-dramatically. Whether their "acting

out" was intended as a jibe against Gwydion or whether they were simply behaving as humans often do, we will let that remain a mystery. However, Gwydion, as befitting his perceptual idiosyncrasies, viewed it as the former.

In his mind's eye, he visualized a black dripping tendril extending out of his body and into the female. Floating black shapes surround the girl as Gwydion fingers the small bag of gofer dust in his pocket

The "wigger princess" grabs her stomach and begins retching softly. Just then, the eyes of one of the human chattel meet with the peering orbs of Gwydion, as if with a look, he could petition the perpetrator to help alleviate what was fast becoming a strange and rather embarrassing situation. Gwydion smiled, made the sign of the horns, and quietly murmured the name "Pazuzu" before walking towards the center court.

As he gracefully strolled onwards, he heard the distinctive sound of vomit hitting buffed somewhere back in the distance. His smile grew into an outright obscene and lecherous grin. With portents such as this so early in

the evening, surely the night spread out before him like a great black canvas would prove to be an auspicious one indeed!

Past the record store, around the bend, and into the coffee shop, Gwydion strolled; the staccato report of his out-of-fashion hobnailed boots lost in the din of low white noise that typified his environs. Once into the partially-shielded coffee shop, the sounds grew less caustic and were replaced by a low but furtive conversations of self-styled 'academe' and the soft sound of generic instrumental 'muzak'.

Gwydion stepped up to the counter

"Give me a Mocha raspberry, large please."

"Certainly," replied the college-aged girl with horn-rimmed glasses and a slightly "granola" appearance.

"Thank you very much."

Having obtained his beverage (as Gwydion learnt before long ago that, for the youth, the proof that one had spent at least some money during one's

visit to the mall greatly reduced the chances of being a target to unpalatable surveillance by the resident security force), Gwydion walked into the food court area, taking a remote table close to the exit.

Gwydion fidgeted with a soft leather satchel he had carried from his car but refrained from opening it and rifling through his various manuscripts. After all, in keeping with decorum, this was a shopping center cafeteria not a library. He sat, sipping his coffee occasionally, scanning the crowd for the person he was scheduled to rendezvous with and feeding upon the vibrancy of humanity strewn out-and-about the mall. Despite the fact that he was energized (he had traveled in astral form the night prior, feeding deeply on a particularly delicious victim), as well he should be, he found strangely that his thirst was not slaked.

His thoughts were interrupted, with an abrupt sighting of what seemed to be a monarch butterfly, perched on the marquis of one of the food shops.

His concentration, as it were, was broken.

"Damn! Surely, I need more power! What secrets are not being revealed to me in the manuscripts?" Gwydion thought sourly. As if to answer that question, a figure suddenly stood before him; as if he had simply materialized on the spot.

"Hello. I am Jonathan Hubbur."
Gwydion rose from his seat.
"Vampyric greetings, brother."

As the two good-natured fellows often do, the pair shook hands briefly.

Gwydion could not help but to feel a dark elation at the man's touch, as energy gleaned from that brief physical contact was similar to the feeling that Gwydion had felt when kneeling before graves in the cemetery. Perhaps Mr. Hubbur was what he claimed to be after all.

Jonathan had contacted Gwydion to start with; a response to an advertisement on the internet for Gwydion's fledgling temple. The temple was, as one might be surmised, of the vampiric sort. Although it boasted a half-dozen members scattered across various parts of the world, the core (that is, those individuals who knew and worked with Gwydion *in person*) was

composed of only a few persons... Yet the fanaticism of Gwydion projected a powerful glamor upon those who came into contact with him and his temple's reputation was an intimation of an order possessing genuine darkness.

Gwydion quickly made an assessment of Jonathan.

He was quite a bit older than he himself, perhaps more than a decade.

Also, the look on the man's garb and the man himself was unfamiliar to Gwydion. Hubbur was an American, no doubt, but either way he was very well travelled or from a completely obscure part of the country (or perhaps both).

"As such", thought Gwydion, "to be the most brutal degree I must exemplify his loyalty to the Undead Gods before this stranger." The pair sat, engaging in a bit of small talk at first as the throbbing shoppers continued in their Friday night pastimes all around them.

Gwydion opened his leather case, removing a photocopied and stapled document of some thirty pages in length. The title of the manuscript was printed in a strange obscure typeface; beneath it, an image showing a castle

with a demon leering from one of the parapets.

"Here, Jonathan, is the manuscript you requested."

Hubbur deftly plucked out a ten dollar bill with one hand and slid it across the table, while sliding the manuscript towards himself with one hand. Gwydion pocketed the cash then swept his hand grandiosely towards the crowd. "Behold, the humans, our slaves " Jonathan raised an eyebrow.

"You are a pompous child!" Gwydion glared. Such an insult was far beyond anything he could have ever had "Stop what you are thinking, child. Be silent!" Gwydion, as if compelled, dropped his hands, staring forward.

Jonathan raked his long and yellow fingernails across the cover of the manuscript.

"Gwydion or should I use your Christian name, Thomas? Do not misunderstand me. We are pleased with your work, very pleased in fact. If it had not been so, we would have never contacted you and came so far to see you, although we have visited you many

times before; through that old mirror of yours! Do you understand?"

Gwydion nodded, in a state of pleasurable shock.

"You plead in the night for genuine darkness; real world evil. You call out to the backwards darkness for the Undead to come unto you. Do you truly want these things, Thomas, or are your words mere affectations?" Gwydion rose from his seat, leaning over the table towards Jonathan, and speaking in a harsh whisper. "I am fanatical in my pursuit of the blood, dear sir! I am a vampire, a walking demon of Lord Sathanas! I bleed for Lord Sathanas to bring the Undead upon the earth once again!" To illustrate, Gwydion pulled up the sleeve of his long-sleeve black shirt, revealing a neat row of self-inflicted razor cuts.

Jonathan nodded approvingly.

"So it seems, Gwydion, so it seems."

He put his hand over Gwydion's own.

The gesture created a surge of anxiety in Gwydion. He seemed to feel the eyes of others upon him and Jonathan what would they think? Under this, he could feel his blood current being drained into Jonathan, the older man's spirit and will dominating his own. Jonathan removed his hand silently then stared across at his victim, gazing squarely into his eyes. "If you are serious Gwydion, you will come with me now."

Before he knew it, Gwydion was walking the length of the mall towards the far exit to the black of the parking lot. Something that felt like shame and even fear flooded Gwydion as he blushed heavily. He was used to being the dominator, submitting to none! Yes, there were the communions at three in the morning within his bedroom that served as his private temple but even that, he thought, was within his comfort zone.

Out of the building now, and into the parking lot full of modern cars, glowing under the sodium lights.

Jonathan removed his keys and gestured towards the most remote section of the parking lot. "My car is over there." Another minute or so and

Gwydion sat in the passenger seat of a recent model luxury sedan with leather seats. Jonathan turned the key and the engine came to life, purring softly.

There were no sounds in the car except the background music which seemed to be some sort of chanting layered over new age sounding music.

This too was disquieting to Gwydion whose ears were accustomed to searing black metal played at high decibels.

Both men were silent as they drove under the cover of the mid-evening darkness. Gwydion's stomach rolled uneasy. They turned onto an entrance ramp, merging onto the northbound interstate highway.

A chill seemed to descend as Gwydion's home and domain moved farther and farther behind him in the deepening night. Dark, monotonous, nocturnal landscapes came and went. Morbid and sinister and seemingly all the same.

Second growth of pine forests bordering the four-lane freeway blocked out all sights of the civilized world that lay behind their green expanse.

Gwydion's trepidation did not grow less. But at the night, the hypnotic routine of the road and the strange music on the stereo all combined to put him into a trance-like, acausal frame of mind. Onto the near exit ramp bearing a legend of the area he had never heard of, off the freeway and onto a near deserted country road surrounding by gaping wilderness. How long had they been driving? Hours must have passed, but Gwydion wore no watch and he loathed to break the mystic silence with a mundane question to the driver.

"We're almost there, Gwydion."

Jonathan's face was pasty white and sweating coldly. His face contorted into a sadistic grin as he turned, casting a glance at Gwydion before returning his eyes to the road.

Jonathan's hand snaked across the gearshift and began stroking Gwydion's thigh, as if to soothe him. Gwydion felt bile rise to his gorge What have I gotten myself into? Just what in the world have I gotten myself into?

Gwydion's body was afflicted with a disquieting paralysis and he stared, listless and afraid, out at the dark

sky and the stands of pine. They made a turn at the long since abandoned barn, then several miles deeper into the country. Gwydion thought he saw hooded figures watching their progress, from the cloak of trees, then a disc-shaped object floating in the cold sky. Soon they turned into a driveway, the property concealed behind a barrier of natural design.

Jonathan turned the key and the car stopped smoothly in front of a steel building that, for Gwydion, exuded an aura of eldritch menace. The pair exited the vehicle, then by-passed the garage doors and came to a service entrance. Jonathan inserted a key, pulled the door open, and bade Gwydion to enter. Gwydion's judgment played out an internal war in his head; a battle between his emerging shadow self and remaining vulnerable humanity.

But one by one, he took slow halting steps towards the open door, as Jonathan looked on, his emotions masked behind a sinister stare. They were inside, the doors closed and locked behind them. The building was large, lit only by yellow and dusty lanterns.

There was movement in the shadows.

Near a shadowed corner, Gwydion was bidden to sit, on a soft bed of old yet comfortable throw-pillows which had been scattered deep atop of the cement floor. Jonathan retreated to another part of the enclosed area then returned, bearing a milk-like beverage for his guest.

"Drink Gwydion, drink to the glory of the Undead Gods beyond the Gates of Saturn!" Gwydion obeyed, slurping thirstily the entire chalice in nearly a single draught. Unbeknownst to Gwydion, the drink had been heavily laced with a liquid version of a hallucinogenic substance.

Time and space began to take on strange proportions. Gwydion saw shapes form and dissolve before his eyes.

Somewhere, music was playing. Not like the music he heard in Jonathan's car.

But blatantly dark, apocalyptic, militaristic soundscapes that set his teeth to the edge. Demons crept towards him out of the darkness groping him, sibilating bizarre names that intensified the sense of dread and darkness that hung thickly in the air.

One of them had the body of a man, but his face was a mass of dripping red intestines He remembered several people stripping him nude, draping a swastika flag over his body, and laughing For a while, the demons ceased to appear. A girl came out to him from the dark; caressing him, soothing his fears "There, there, my child " Her voice was like a thousand voices speaking in unison.

He began to calm, mesmerized by the creamy hue of her skin, which seemed to pulse with the acausal. But soon, she too had disappeared and in her place came rough hands; probing and violating his body. He felt himself being lifted, spread, and chained onto a cold, metal apparatus. Then, the cruel, biting lash of a whip bringing pain beyond the any he had ever known before.

How long he screamed; the sounds of his pleading for mercy and relief were cut through by a high, metallic voice, which seemed to penetrate his very mind, even as the whip continued to tear at his raw flesh. "Can you tell us boy, what is that the soil cries for?" Lash. Lash. Lash. Scream. Scream. Scream.

"That is what makes the grass grow?"

He felt himself being raped with a cold, dead object.

Gwydion began to cry.

"Answer us, boy!"

All the demons assembled began to scream the question in unison.

"ANSWER US, BOY! ANSWER US, BOY! ANSWER US ANSWER!!!"

A figure in a black cloak, face obscured by corpse paint, stood before him. He drew an object across his own wrist, and the crimson, crimson claret began to flow, dripping on Gwydion's face. Gwydion's mind seemed to shatter like glass, spreading into a million directions. His hysterical weeping and screaming began to cease as a hoarse cry issued forth from his innermost self: "BLOOD! BLOOD! BLOOD!"

The robed figure shoved the bleeding wound into Gwydion's mouth and the neonate suckled at the fount of the Abyss, as it were, the elixir of Qliphoth. Silence fell and all was black.

:The Workers of Evil:

At a certain point along the Noctulian path there will arise an awareness of just how cold, how void, how undead, how *different* one has become. It is quite appropriate with the abysmal TOB current (333) to have experienced greatly, struggled violently and involved oneself in a myriad of passions both esoteric and exoteric only to arrive at an apprehension of *nothingness* - of *void* - of *inexplicable, lurking chaos.* The world of meaning subsides and one is left only with form... and then even the *forms themselves* begin to seem increasingly *arbitrary* in nature. One can no longer develop great devotion to causal ideas and systems or to specific forms that claim to be representative of the Acausal. Such passion, as it once was, has been exhausted.

Immolation seems more and more to be an apt term.

Where once desire for a myriad of experiences and wisdom could be excited at will - with the world spread out

before one like a feast - now the Noctulian only resonates with those things that are associated with uncontrollable chaos, darkness, the subterranean. This resonance with darkness is a condition which while often wished for by neonates in the beginning is often regretted later. How many times have those of the TOB heard individuals on the path curse the day that they become involved in vampirism?

Suffice it to say - we have heard it many times in the past and will hear it many more times yet to come.

At this stage (post burning) - the Noctulian has separated the wheat from the chaff in the only way that one truly can: a way beset with sorrow, tragedy and the grim contemplation that stems from grim experience.

The Noctulian has lost all interest towards most stimuli which would have once elicited feelings of passion, love, revulsion, exultation, curiosity and a host of others. The taste has changed and to use the term higher taste would *not necessarily be correct*. For the Noctulian their rage,

like their love, has become alien - and absurd. From the pain of numerous ordeals and the harsh alchemical change process an altogether foreign creature has been born.

Should the intelligent neonate wish for such a state? Should an excitable worker of evil *want* to become a parasitic spiritual entity, a vampire in the most forbidding sense of the term, a fleshly corpse inhabited by *void*?

Even so, one will encounter circumstances, persons, experiences and places along the journey which bear the unmistakable mark of *THEM* and if you are tough enough, if your tongue lolls with delight at the lashings of Drill Sgt. Grey, then you just might become *as THEY are*.

And then you can delight in your perfumed lairs and live, in elegant knowledge, of the tears, blood and life that you have spilled - and sown - along the way.

May the dead rise and smell the incense.

:Cult Danger:
Evaluation Frame

Prelude: In the modern Magian-influenced society, religious groups are considered 'dangerous' or 'not dangerous' based upon their acceptance or dismissal of the sanctity of humanistic psychology.

Below is a list of attributes that are exercised within the 'dangerous' cults according to P. Bonewits taken from a modern book on the non-event of 'neo-pagan religion' in America. A suggestion to young initiates of the Sinister Path: using the below attributes, start a cult of your own!

Spread heretical religions all across this great land so that we will plunge into the Age of Fire! Ave Satanas!

1) INTERNAL CONTROL, amount of internal political power exercised by leader(s) over members.

2) WISDOM CLAIMED by leader(s); amount of infallibility declared about decisions.

3) WISDOM CREDITED to leader(s) by members; amount of trust in decisions made by leader(s).

4) DOGMA, rigidity or reality concepts taught; amount of doctrinal inflexibility.

5) RECRUTING, emphasis put on attracting new members; amount of proselytizing.

6) FRONT GROUPS, number of subsidiary groups using different names from that main group.

7) WEALTH, amount of money and/or property desired or obtained; emphasis on member's donations.

8) POLITICAL POWER, amount of external political influence desired or obtained.

9) SEXUAL MANIPULATION of members by leader(s); amount of control over sex lives of members

10) CENSORSHIP, amount of control over members' access to outside opinions of group, its doctrines, or leader(s).

11) DROPOUT CONTROL, intensity of efforts directed at preventing or returning dropouts.

12) ENDORSEMENT OF VIOLENCE when used by or for the group or its leader(s).

13) PARANOIA, amount of fear concerning real or imagined enemies, perceived power of opponents.

14) GRIMNESS, amount of disapproval concerning jokes about the group, its doctrines, or leader(s).

The friendly author of the above 'test' goes on to state (and I quote): "none of these organizations should ever censor your information, control your life, decide on your friends, insist on sexual favors, demand exorbitant amounts of money, or try to prevent you from leaving". As we can see, the U.S. Federal Government meets all of the above attributes, thus making them (drumroll please) a dangerous cult! But, as we know, no cults like competition and when evil little fiends like yourselves who listen to Mayhem all day long and dream about being the next Jim Jones start creating cults in the image of the federal government Yes! That puts everything on the fast track to "I am

an Antichrist, I am an Anarchist" (from the redwood forests, to the gulf stream waters!) and creates (or will start a domino effect which will create) a land that has hundreds of thousands of utterly insane, demonized cults running around on it's fine earth (not dissimilar to Dark Ages Europe!).

Remember: when you control someone's religion, you control them!

Special note: The author of this article is very interested in taking part in the CIA MK-ULTRA program so that we can learn your techniques and secrets, please contact via the appropriate channels (ie: I'll be the invisible hand moving your Ouija board between three a.m. and six a.m.). And don't forget children: control over man is all, control is crucial!

NOTES IN ADDENDUM:

For those of you living in the United States of America: You may be interested in 'testing the waters' and learning about dangerous cults firsthand via entering them for brief periods or, for longer peridos (using them for a Satanic Insight Role as

explicated by Shropshire's Order of Nine Angles, another dangerous cult!).

Be sure to read the wonderful book 'Monkey on a Stick' also which is an expose about the corruption within the International Society for Krishna

Consciousness (ie: Hindus, gone bad!). We have chosen the below cults for their degree of severity and novelness - we're sure you'll have one hell of a time! P.S. be sure to hide this pamphlet somewhere where your mother and father won't find it!

And now, for the cults!:

1. Children of God

2. International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ISKCON)

3. Aryan Nations

4. The Bolero (Amishmen, with guns!)

5. Unification Church (extortion and moonies and mass marriages, oh my!)

6. United States Army (vewwy-scawwy!)

7. United States Marine Corps (ew-pew!)

8. Central Intelligence Agency (wha?)

9. F.B.I. (Praise the Lord and pass the plate!)

10. Al-Qaeda (warning: be sure it's really them, the cult members may actually be operatives from cult number nine just pretending to be members of cult number 10)

11. Pentecostal Holiness with Signs and Wonders Following

12. Non-LDS fundamentalist Mormon sects (polygamy, aliens, spousal m/f s/m, Moroni the Archangel, stir and serve!)

13. All 'Heaven's Gate' offshoots

14. The Raelians

15. The Noctulians (I wouldn't mess with these folks if I was you!)

By Miss Nythra Anastasia Katrina Kala

:World Opfer:
A Guide for Initiates Part

Initiatory Crisis

Genuine initiatory crises are absolutely necessary for the creation of the Noctulian and the entrance into the undead state. The silence of dwelling in the eye of the storm, a symbolic representation of the undead state that is Noctulian existence, can only be attained by traversing the path of harsh, brutal ordeals that are the hallmark of our alchemical change process. Like when approaching the eye of a hurricane, the winds of ordeal and forced transfiguration will become harsher and more intense as one approaches the eye. It is only through real, genuine initiatory crises that one can reach the Noctulian state. The initiatory crises that are prerequisite must include real tragedy, real horror and real testing.

This is not simply promethean overcoming, as the Noctulian is not simply an aphorism for the Satanic Adept.

The current of the Tempel ov Blood is very specific and involves treading a sideward path towards a paradigm of existence that is alien and inimical to the cosmic life force.

Transformation necessarily must be perverse and filled with elements of Terror due to the fact that the entity that emerges after breakthrough is an abomination in quintessence, rather than being the 'next rung on the evolutionary ladder' per se. Specific methods of self-engineering must be employed to produce specific entities.

For many, the harshness and the absurd nature of pursuing the alchemical change process according to the Noctulian standards will be too much to bear. There are many groups and systems available for those who wish to follow a more humane approach and we do not dissuade those who are better suited for an alternative method to go their own way. However, if one wishes to aspire towards the Noctulian state, if one wishes to enter into the TOB Blood Pool, then discipline and fanatical commitment to our way must be adhered to. If you fail, you will face the inevitable torture that comes with associating with the blood currents of the TOB and embracing the Abyss if

you succeed you will also face the inevitable torture that comes with associating with the blood currents of the TOB and embracing the Abyss. One may decide to no longer embrace the denizens of the Abyss, however, the denizens of the Abyss, once contacted, will persistently be interested in embracing you.

A bleak path lies before you, strewn with the blood of those that have gone before. Advancement in the path involves an increase, not a decrease in the awareness of Darkness.

Blood Feeding

All aspiring Noctulians must feed. Upon what do you feed? The blood essence of humans. One may consume the blood essence of the human herd via direct draining procedures while disembodied in the astral state. One may also consume the blood essence of a human via sympathetic contact, sight and touch. What is the grim secret to this Wamphyric Art that is often denied by other vampiric orders? It is the fact that engineering pain physical and physical real evil deeds done towards a specific target in the flesh to put it plainly, is very useful in

releasing the flow from your human victim. Coercing your victims into states of psychological stress or even psychological terror psychical pain or even physical pain will work wonders in allowing you to feed heavily upon them. This blood essence once consumed will attract the denizens of the Abyss and they, via inducing insanity in the initiate and allowing the initiate to peer through the horrid vortices of the void and backwards darkness will aid in your transformation. Employing black arts methods for harm should be used in tangent with blood feeding this means employing curses as well as more practical methods. A TOB initiate is encouraged and expected to curse and feed indiscriminately.

The Blood Pool

When one enters into the Tempel ov Blood one becomes part of the TOB Blood Pool. What does this mean? It means that the blood that you drain from humans is in like manner drained from you by the Inner Family of Noctulians higher in the hierarchy.

The pinnacle of this feeding process is the Blood Father of the Inner Family. The Blood Father is a vortex that twists and distorts the blood currents and then channels this downward towards the larger TOB Blood Family. His black hand is upon you and his touch drains you of the blood essence that you have culled from humans. He is a vortex that twists and distorts the blood currents. His mercy is the blood currents that have been twisted and distorted whish he sends down as a rain of astral energy only to those of the TOB those of the Family.

This blood essence, rather than simply being vitalizing (as is the blood essence that you, the initiate, cull from the human herd), is possessed of properties that coerce transformation and transfiguration according to Noctulian principles. The rain of mercy from our Blood Father aids in the creation of the Noctulian in tangent with practical acts of evil done in the world and the pains and rigors of ordeal and initiatory crises.

This is one of the essential secrets of the alchemical change process revealed.

Nightmarish Landscapes of the Undead

In undertaking the walk upon the terrifying and beautiful path that leads the aspirant out of the calm and secure world or mortality and into the nightmarish landscapes of the Undead, there are found being that serve the dual roles of guide and destroyer.

The Undead themselves guard the Palaces of the Mighty. The Undead themselves devour with fire the initiate. The Undead themselves wait to consume with ravenous appetite those that cannot through the force of their own Will, rise like a phoenix from their own ashes into a glorious and Eternal state of Undeath.

They are always waiting, just outside the gates of normal perception, breathing icy vapors into the minds of the masses and chanting mantras of creations' demise into the ears of the spiritually deaf. They are always calling, always shrieking, grinning as man falls to hear and falls into the depths of Outer Darkness.

For millennia we have waited for their return. For generations we have

burned our fires and made our opfers to open a dark gateway to the region beyond the stars, to recall Them here to walk among us.

The question is no longer , "When will they come?" for they have already returned to reclaim the earth as their sulphur kingdom. The question that remains is, when will we recognize the embodiment of evil in our midst? When will we open our eyes to that which sweeps and moves between us? When will we take the dread step through the Brimstone Gates and leave behind all that is dead and dying? When do we plunge headlong into the mouth of abandonment and bathe with joyful malevolence in the Lake of Fire? When will we drown ourselves in the Pool of Blood and awaken in Sinister resurrection, greeted by all the hosts of Hell and the Undead Gods Themselves?

* * * * *

How can we walk a path one cannot see? Behold the faces of the Undead. Commune with them daily. Cross over the boundary of the protective circle and shake hands with the physical materialization of our Darkest brothers.

Having opened the cleansed windows of perception, seat yourself facing south, your black backed mirror upon the altar. Chant thrice the Diabolus, awakening the senses to those nightmarish astral landscapes. Behold these landscapes taking form in the mirror.

Once the image has solidified, allow your vision to take you on a journey through those dark Netherlands, exploring all that could be your future domain. Let these sights flood your sense, finaly finding your home in Darkness. Then, pull away, creating a longing that will linger like a sigh that cannot be released.

Every day return to the mirror and gaze into the face of Perdition until the memory of it fills every silent space in the day. Long for the time that you can sit and see through that window the only place that you belong.

The true and undying Hinterland. And then, move forward.

Having gained the initial visions of the landscapes of the Undead and the subsequent longing which is the necessary desire to the cessation of all mortality seat yourself again

before the mirror. Give rise to the macabre visions with discernment.

Breath in, feeling not oxygen but vaporous Blood enter your being. If needs be, drain the Blood Essence from a healthy victim immediately beforehand.

Being filled completely with Blood of the purest form, your gaze fixed on the images in the mirror, be lifted into your finer Bodies from the confines from your meaty shell. Behold with your astral eyes the mirror which is now a gateway into the realms of the Undead. Travel through the portal into the very vision itself, finding all of your senses firmly planted in this ninth dimension.

Look around you and see firsthand those sights that had only tempted your eyes through the window. Move your astral hands through the molten and smoky essence of Darkness around you.

Breath in the thick airy currents of Blood and smell its assailing you.

Set your feet upon the living and riving ground and wonder the wasteland.

Explore the madness that has taken form only in this nightmare abode.

Become saturated with the sights and sounds. Move with the black tides of this place. Become insane with obsession for this land.

Then pull away.

Return to the Land of the Undead daily, until finally, you feel that return to the body would destroy the spirit with longing.

And then, move upwards.

* * * * *

Seat yourself to the south, having before you the sigil of the Undead God to behold. Gaze into this until it unlocks; Until the lines of blood on the paper vanish and appear again in living radiance. Chant the name of that Undead One over and over, until it becomes the only sound vibrating throughout all existence. That name is the very mantra of your decent into Blood. Command with all of your Will the glowing sigil to manifest itself in the electric air before you. Open this projected image wider, until the sigil

itself becomes a gateway to the throne or principality of that Dark God.

Rise from your vessel and travel through that gateway into the unholy kingdom of the One you seek. Allow that place to densify, your astral perceptions training into the unknown.

Should the Undead that you seek not be made manifest immediately, call out its name, creating a link that will pull you to it.

The stark madness of the sight of these Beings may initially cause the Seeker to cower or even to retreat back into the body and its dulled senses that cannot perceive such chaos embodied. Penance can only be made by annihilation of the weakness and a second or third journey into the lair of the serpent.

At whatever cost, conversation must be held with the Undead. The senses must be smashed to oblivion by Their presence. Their ancient knowledge must be absorbed to the point that all that remains is THEM, and you are no more when not before Their throne.

Then pull away, back into the dying body and decaying world.

And then, move inwards.

Having gained communion with several Undead, and having been reduced to a shivering corpse by their magnificent Darkness, the time has come to Become.

Call out to Them, inside a circle of blood and flame. Open your vessel for Them to inhabit, to move through, to mutate into Their own. Leave no room for the Self, for all that exists is Them. Day and night, be flooded with Them, one by one.

Tear at your hair and cut at your skin as to begin to die day by day.

Weep unrestrained, for soon there will be no more tears left to cry. Lay down in your grave, which is the body that denies you, until you are awakened by the piercing light of the Black Sun. And then, Ascend.

* * * * *

Call out to the Undead, within a circle of human blood, still warm and swimming with life. Open their seals and call their names until they stand

before you, firmly seated in full terror upon this plane.

Take your final step into everlasting damnation, just one step outside of the circle, and embrace Our true kind, as brother embraces brother.

Let Their touch infect you, until your eyes are no longer yours, and your red blood turns violet.

Only then will you know that you are the path and the Palace at the end of the Path. Only then can death not touch you nor heaven help you. Only then will you BE, worlds without end.

:Neonate Adversarial Rasas:

The neonate in the TOB may learn, in time, to hate their TOB guide. The ordeals, the demands, the sacrifices that the neonate will be requested to endure, accomplish and give - and verily required, if the neonate wishes to continue to receive the dispensation of the TOB Blood Family and proceed in the aspiration of the Noctulian state - will at times provoke devotional feelings of enmity in the neonate known as the adversary rasa (the adversarial devotional past-time.) This is understandable because, like any truly elite training organization, the trainee will on some level resent the fact that their weaknesses are being exposed and that others, the trainers, are demanding that their weaknesses be culled in order to gain entrance to higher platforms of training. The more ruthless the training means, in many cases, the more vehemently will be the resentment of the trainee. This is understandable and it is expected that the neonates of the TOB may feel at times a hatred - a resentment - an enmity towards their guide, towards

their association and towards the Tempel ov Blood itself.

In the Vedic epic the Srimad Bhagavatam, the demon Hiranyakasipor felt enmity towards Sri Krishna to the point where he tortured his own son (Prahlad Maharaja) because of his sons devotion to Sri Krishna and even attempted to murder Sri Krishna himself. Sri Krishna, however, in his munificent mercy as the half-man half-lion incarnation Lord Nrsimhadeva, slew Hiranyakasipor - creating a garland of his bloodied intestines after piercing his stomach and chest with his razor sharp claws. Thus by culling Hiranyakasipor, Sri Krishna gave this demon the most privileged gift - the gift of liberation by being slain by the very hands of the Supreme Personality of Godhead.

The TOB understands this adversarial rasa and respects the neonate who understands that it is the adversarial rasa that they are experiencing. However the neonate who truly feels the pulse of the Noctulian current within his/herself will not hate their TOB guide for the training that is being offered to them and the

ordeals - however ruthless they are - which are required for them to accomplish. Instead, the aspiring Noctulian will feel an overwhelming love - a cultic devotion - towards their TOB guide, towards the alchemical change process and thus towards THEM - the latter which the neonate seeks to enter the ranks of and to propitiate their dominance in the causal.

The devoted Noctulian aspirant when feeling the revulsion, the reluctance, the rejection of the alchemical change process by their remaining human elements will rejoice in the fact that they are experiencing devotion for the Inner Family through adversarial past-times. They will exult in this fact for it shows that they are developing rasas - appropriate to the circumstance - for the members of the Inner Family.

Only through developing rasas of devotion for the Inner Family will one stand the chance of entering into the Inner Family. This is because the Inner Family is based upon mutual devotion and a state of complete blood incest, assimilation and free-flowing blood essence betwixt it's members. The

neonate who stands in proud, Satanic masochism to the ordeals, the harshness, the ruthlessness of the alchemical change process will come through the unholy jihad as one of those who will dwell in the Land of the Dark Immortals. The neonate who gives in to their human pride and individualism and rejects the knowledge of the adversarial rasa as a rasa will be thrown to the hungry Noctulian wolves: quickly eaten, soon forgotten.

:Wamphyric Change:
An Internal Manuscript

Preface:

As human biological cell structure gives way to the preliminary, moderate, and fnal transmuted states leading to undeath, certain ordeals of a physical nature can and should be undertaken by the TOB Initiate who aspires to seat him/herself upon the banquet table of our horrifc Prince.

In line with the art of Wamphyric blood feeding, it stands to reason that the mood of progress which will be obtained by the vampire depends entirely on his/her usage of the lifeforce that is collected. There will be many who can claim the mastery of the mechanical process of culling blood essence from the human herd. It will be a much smaller number who, by fanatical and monomaniacal direction of Will, shall garnish the practice for the furtherance of the Sinister Dialectic.

That accomplishment depends on the blood essence being applied to internal magic used to efect quantum

evolutionary change of the Initiate - on all levels.

A fundamental principle of the Sinister Path is that it takes harsh and brutal ordeals of a real-life nature, dovetailing psychical development, to realistically reach the states of Adepthood and beyond. These ordeals include:

1.) Actual participation in activities which entail a possible lethal damage to the adherent themselves. This is the "living of the edge" spoken of in the traditional tomes and is the logical outcome of fearlessness and daring, in true Satanic fashion. Such "character building" opportunities often arise via insight roles, especially within the roles which possess a certain signifcance as to the promulgation (often covert) of the Path, and/or progression of Aeonic goals in accord with the Sinister Dialectic.

2.) Physical tasks of an extremely ardous or even fantastical nature. Not just the traditional physical tasks as explicated by other Sinister groups should be stressed, as there are dimensions which deserve special exploration by those who desire undeath. In essence, the physical

ordeals to be undertaken by those aspiring to the state alternately referred to as Noctulian or Vampire shall include:

a.) actual breakdown of cell structure, ie: the task should aim for a goal of what is commonly known as "total mental and physical breakdown".

b.) shrinkage (or enlargement) of the physical organs within the body.

c.) creating strain of a nature extreme enough that such will facilitate oneself being opened up to certain hitherto obscure Acasul forces of the Noctulian/vampiric current.

d.) destruction and reconstruction of synapses in the brain.

e.) DNA and RNA metamorphosis (requires both intensive vampiric practice in the draining of lifeforce from humans, contact and trafcking with disembodied Undead spirits in the astral and the infusion of <u>physical blood</u> from an <u>embodied Elder in the tradition.</u>)

In the vampiric stage of Initiate - tasks "a" and "b" should be executed by means of extreme dieting/rapid weight loss (the opposite of this stage

will be detailed later on). This should be undertaken a year or more into the grade level of Initiate.

During that time period, the adherent needs to have established a level of mastery in regards to blood feeding (via touch, sight and astral travel). The adherent is also require to have begun a regular trafficking with the spirits of the Undead. As well (and this is important), the adherent should physically obtain and physically drink/consume or be injected with the blood of an Elder.

This blood will begin an intense restructuring of the internal cell structure, distortion and transmutation of the DNA and RNA strands; this is the secret black gate to the transformation of human into Wamphyri.

In addendum, the specifc blood that is consumed will wreak a specifc sort of havoc on the remaining human biological qualities in accordance with the type of current or 'blood strain' that is possessed by the Elder from which you must obtain your sanguine dispensation.

In other orders, many of the physical ordeals which are recommended are essentially 'athletic' in nature.

The induced transformation into corpse utilized by the TOB uses instead a drawn-out process of physical mutation. As such, it requires an enormous strength of Will over a several month period of time.

The nature of the ordeal also defes human reason and rationality, creating a tension within that - if the ordeal is carried out to conclusion - will shatter the human mental equilibrium.

This can be enacted (during the stage of Initiate) through acts which bring about <u>enforced emaciation</u> via either rite pertaining to Lord 333 (contact Tempel ov Blood for the rite in question) or a specially <u>induced</u> state of anorexia nervosa. You must <u>will</u> yourself into the state of a <u>walking corpse</u>. Specifc instruction for the preparation of one's own human death of course is just that, specifc instruction. A 'rote memorization' strategy for the obtainment of the states intimidated towards herein will not be given as that responsibility of providing the necessary guidance for

the bringing about of oneself as emerging Wamphyri lies in personal contact between the neophyte or Initiate and the Master or Mistress.

However, for the sake of example we will detail the process of one Initiate's experiences regarding a similar journey of alchemical change.

These actual occurrences happened in the late nineteen-nineties and the Initiate in question now is an External Adept (a grade attained more than several years after the events which will be described). This initiate completed the following:

1.) Went from 215 pounds (a 'ideal bodyweight' according to medical standards for this individual would have been 180 lbs.) to 123 pounds in less than four months. This breaking-down process was dovetailed with actual living in cemetery grounds, intensive long distance (thirty miles or more and no less than twenty hiking in the wilderness and performance of Necromantic rites which included the use of a human skull.

2.) Mastered the art of Communion with the Undead and blood feeding so that the Initiate could live mainly of of

blood essence alone (ie: the consumption of physical nourishment was practically nil in comparison of the astral undead and the blood essence culled from human victims).

This was coupled with the ability to actually physically manifest Undead astrals through materialization (made possible via Will, dust from a graveyard and blood).

As can be seen by the minimal examples which have been provided, the nature of the physical part of the ordeal undertaken by this vampire was one which required long periods of intense physical strain over many months. Furthermore, the nature of the ordeal (ie: enforced emaciation and living of of culled astral blood essence) fies in the face of all human rationality - this tension created from such 'irrational acts' is the hallmark of moving from the realm of thoughtful fantasy to true magickal power. We are intimating here towards the internal reactions within the mind and body of the Initiate in regards to certain practices. Just as it takes certain practices to obtain Adepthood in the Western Esoteric sense, so does it also take specifc practices to transform oneself into a being which can only be

categorized as an unclean spirit that has more in common with the 'Age of Fire' than our current waning era.

Blood Lord Karnac Velton
Tempel ov Blood

:Communion:
:Transformation:
:Breakthrough:

Introduction

After repeated requests from various sources within the family, we are endevouring to present a brief but comprehensive manuscript for the benefit of persons internal the family to explain the basic practices of vampirism, the currents and trends of vampiric practice from various organizations and where the TOB position lies in relation to the various other organizations that claim vampiric practice as their own.

One of the first things that a family member should do when considering the nature of vampiric practice is take a very cold and analytical look at the process.

Usually whether one is associated with some of the larger more life-affirming groups or a more underground group, there will be definite common strands of practice.

The most common strand of practice consists of the person beginning to think of themselves in terms of being a "predator" that preys upon humanity at large. Although certain organizations like the TOV make strict announcements against breaking the law and culling, their members as well engage in thinking of themselves as "predator" and - through meditation and other means - program themselves to imagine themselves in offensive and predatory posture toward others.

TOB is keenly interested in this aspect of vampirism from the perspective of conditioning and programming. What happens when you take a person relatively uninitiated in awakening violent aspects of the mind and hand them vampiric practice? They first imagine themselves to be predators, that is the first step.

After that they begin to practice rudiments of vampiric practice (i.e. beginning to visualize themselves changing their form/shapeshifting into horrific manifestations in the astral, drinking the blood-essence of sleeping or awake human forms.) What is occuring here?

Just as a peaceful religious organization that takes part in charity work might utilize peaceful meditations to program their membership toward certain practical aims, the practice of vampirism - whether or not this fact is recognized by the teacher or the adherent - begins a process of conditioning a person for violence. If there are constant visualizations done by a vampiric practcioner that persistently involve changing into the forms of blood-thirsty wolves, bats, demons, etc. that are hell-bent for predatory tasks, then the practicioner will begin thinking of themselves as a predator, they will begin thinking of their "true nature" not in terms of their waking existence but in terms of the hideous formats which they choose for blood-essence draining.

As a vampiric adherent becomes adept in the basic practices (i.e. feeding while in astral form, feeding while in physical form) over a period of several months to a year, the vampiric adherent will have imagined themselves performing brutal and violent deeds to various humans hundreds of times over in a short span of time. Regardless of one's position toward the actual spiritual validity of vampirism or not, the fact is quite

clear that embarking on vampiric practice in a sincere way will provoke changes in spirit, attitude and propensity.

Where do the 'victims' of vampirism come from? When a neonate vampiric practitioner seeks to select a target for draining while disembodied in an astral form, where do they select the victim? Most often than not, from people they see/encounter in normal day to day life. If a vampiric adherent masters the practice of draining from touch, site, empathetic contact and also via astral projection (amongst other supplementary methods,) then the vampire will be effectively visualizing themselves in violent situations with countless of people that one might encounter in day to day life. Thus a vampiric practitioner becomes more chaotic in their evil than some that practice more Traditional Satanism, the propensity of violence toward anyone - anywhere - anytime - becomes deeply embedded in the vampiric practitioner.

In this sense, the underlying program of the practice of vampirism is making the person consciously align themselves as an ENEMY - the spiritual/meditative practices galvanize this conscious awareness and

plant the seeds of violence, hate and misanthropy deep within the psyche of the neonate/initiate practitioner.

Under the guidance of an enthusiastic teacher in the vampiric traditions, a neonate/initiate may very well see that within a brief period of time (six months to a year) they have experienced changes in the psyche that are irreversible - this is the aim of the vampiric teachers of the TOB, to create persons who are warped toward violence and oriented toward bloodshed.

If one meditates upon shooting someone repeatedly it will be much easier to shoot them in real-life, should the opportunity arise. In like manner, if one consistently visualizes themselves in situations of fantastical violence that breaks the mold of possibility in waking reality, one is inadvertently implanting aspects of psychosis, rage and violence deep within the psyche - awakening atavisms that will, sooner or later, seek to rupture violently into waking reality and coming from a deep urge beyond one's conscious control.

BLKV consistently utilized the schema: "Communion-Transformation-Breakthrough" (taken from the titles of the Whitley Streiber books on the race of grey aliens in describing the development of someone along the vampiric path.

"Communion" begins when the adherent begins receiving teachings and practicing certain techniques, which is the first taste of the currents of the vampiric.

As practice continues, transformation begins to occur as more and more severe and caustic atavisms are awoken deep within the mind that slowly agitates a polarization, thus causing a "rent" in the mind that threatens to rupture. When the changes that have been wrought during the context of communion and transformation begin to rise to the surface inextricably and causing a psychosis-laden burst into an entirely new consciousness (when the energies become manifest fully) that is "breakthrough."

:Alchemical Ordeal:
18.333

Introduction:

In all systems of the world including the federal government and military, there is a set system which is used to break down the subject (who is henceforth a funded "experiment" in themselves, who sometime receive some small compensation for their trouble) and build them back up again, in the image chosen by the experimenter - being usually a government or military. The system is known when dealing with heretical groups as "brainwashing".

What the government does is never termed "brainwashing" but it lies to reason that with the years of experience and funding behind them, the government system of breakdown - psyche death - build-up-in-another-image model is far superior to what is practiced by many common 'occult' groups as we know of them today.

Paramount to the system of 'breakdown' is shock. Shock is a tool which is used, along with fatigue,

stress and terror heaped upon the subject almost constantly. During the period following shock - certain 'imprints' can be made, neurologically, upon the recipient of the shock. For instance, if one was in casual circumstances to see a sigil of Abatu this may or may not seem to be a significant experience itself. In fact, the seeing of such a sigil in normal or even induced 'magical' consciousness may not be enough to even put a strong enough neurological imprint into one's mind where the subject would even remember what the sigil looked like.

However, if one was, for instance, beaten within an inch of their life and then had a sigil of Abatu shoved into their face - a very strong neurological imprint will indeed be made.

This alchemical ordeal from the Tempel ov Blood is graded 18.333. 18 standing for Adolf Hitler (A.H. 18 numerologically) and 333 standing for the demonic entity known as the 'Lurker at the Threshold', ie: Choronzon. No pain, no gain. And remember that 'All that is great is built upon sorrow'.

Agios O Vindex Est Venturus!

DIRECTIVES:

Procure and memorize Sinister chants 'Diabolus' and 'Sanctus Satanas'. This can be both in the musical meter and for word purpose only, however, during this ritual the chants will be chanted consistently without any tune per se, in line with the beat of the heart (this is similar to the beating of the heart of the slain dragon Tiamat as her blood flowed out in tune with the heartbeat, creating the world). Practice listening to your heartbeat and uttering one word of the chant in tune with your footfalls - like a martial cadence seen used in militaries the world over.

Memorize the 'Our Father' blasphemic rendition of the original which can be found in manuscripts stemming from the Traditional Satanist group, Order of Nine Angles.

The duration of this ordeal will be three months - three corresponding to Choronzon (or appropriate Sinister pantheon entity in similitude) and the breaking open of the psychic gates, thus allowing the powers and energies of the Abyss to enter into the physical plane. This ritual serves a dual purpose. One of the purposes will not

be mentioned but should be ascertained by the practitioner during the course of the ordeal. The second purpose is to presence the dark.

The period of ritual will begin on the new moon and end on the new moon - three months later. The adherent should be dressed in black clothes and have a vial in which certain herbal tinctures have been collected (contact Tempel hierarchy for further information on the proper herbal compound to be used in your particular case). During the course of the ordeal this vial will be worn via a leather thong or carried on one's person at all times excepting sleep, and then it should be placed no further than several feet from the adherent.

Go dressed in black into the forest at the hour of 3 a.m. on the new moon, carrying your prepared tincture in a vial. Situate yourself in the forest where you have a view of the sky above you and absolute privacy from any humans coming near. If the state of complete solitude or deep wilderness is not feasible, make sure that you are prepared to deal with any trespassers who may enter into the area.

Draw the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon a surface of earth. Within the sigil place the tincture which you have prepared. Begin an informal ritual by reciting "Sanctus Satanas" and then "Diabolus" followed by the "Our Father" prayer. Following this meditate upon SATANAS. You will remain, in meditation, until sunrise.

As you perceive sunrise beginning to occur, take the tincture and put it on your person and with you left hand rub out the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon the earth with the words "Mein blut ist fur ihr". Leave the area without looking back.

Upon arrival at your abode, immediately get upon the road and run one mile. If you are used to running more, up the number of miles appropriately. The purpose here is to create stress. The number of miles run and the length thereof is to cause discomfort - so go beyond your limits you have set for yourself, but never less than one mile. Upon reaching one mile, recite the "Our Father" prayer and turn around and walk back to your abode. Recite the "Sanctus Satanas" or the "Diabolus". As this ordeal progresses you should alternate one chant every other day ie: one day chant

"Sanctus Satanas" and the next day "Diabolus" then back to "Sanctus Satanas". Recite the chant in line with your footfalls or your heartbeat as explicated at the beginning of 'directives'.

Every morning until the new moon three months from the beginning of the ordeal, you shall each morning repeat the process of running one (or more miles) followed by the "Our Father" and the "Diabolus" or "Sanctus Satanas" on the walk back to your dwelling place.

As your tolerance to the run begins to build, run farther so that in each instance you are reaching a state of fatigue/exhaustion.

Before going to bed in the evening recite the "Our Father" with reverence and conviction while staring into the glass of tincture which you have prepared. Have an alarm clock set and wake to repeat the same bedtime ritual at 12a.m. and again at 3 a.m.

Upon waking, undertake the usual run followed with appropriate chants.

During this period of three months the adherent is top eat nothing except meat and liquids of animal

products (such as goat or cow's milk).

No cheese, bread or any solid substance other than meat is to be consumed. This will put the body into a state of ketosis and sooner than later your body will begin consuming itself.

This is not harmful. By NO MEANS should one cheat at all on said diet.

By the time the period of three months is up, you will have reached a lithe or skeletal state befitting one of the predators of Tempel ov the Blood. On the new moon at the end of the ordeal period, proceed with black clothes and carrying your tincture into a secluded wooded area. This is NOT to be the same area which you used to commence with the ritual to begin with.

At three a.m. assemble yourself in the woods and draw the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon the earth. Within the sigil place the tincture which you have prepared. Recite the "Diabolus" followed by "Sanctus Satanas". Follow this with a recitation of the "Our Father" prayer. Following this meditate upon SATANAS. You will remain in meditation, until sunrise.

As you perceive the sun beginning to rise take the tincture and drink it followed by the words "Ich bin Noctulius". Alternately (see T.O.B. representative for specific instructure) conceal the tincture within your clothing and offer to the Master/Mistress as a sacrifice.

Rub out the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon the earth with your right hand while repeating the words:

"AGIOS O NOCTULIUS".

The ritual is at a close.

Upon completion the adherent should compose an essay on his/her experiences while and during this period of trial. Also, consultation should be made with a Tempel representative for any extra tasks which should be performed during this three month period.

AVE SATANAS

:Manifesting Shugara:

Agios O Shugara!

The Terror to Come

With the preparations in already in place by those before us, it is now time for those of the TOB to let the crimson torrents of life elixir flow into this terrestrial ball of dirt. The acausal blackness must be made real now and an offering made to entice the Dark Gods to break through the Gate to our realm.

With the sweat of our efforts, and the tears and blood of those efforts drained forth from our enemies, an elixir sweet to those beyond the Abyss will come forth. The smoke and ash will clear to reveal the New Aeon!

The following will detail how the Initiate may presence the Darkness and thus become as a Gate to our Gods. This action is necessary for the success of the Final Harvest and the emergence of the New Aeon.

This work was created to provide the vampire further Gateways with which

to open the Nexion leading to that acausal blackened essence which makes us what we are. Drill Sgt. Grey, Awake!

Pathworking Note - Some path workings will reach a level of intensity that will forever remain with the vampire. It is these which will cause true alchemical change.

To reach the level of awareness necessary requires proper preparation. For the nights previous to the rite, study the Godform, meditate on the sigils, and express the energy of the God/Demon in creative ways. Draw pictures, write stories, sculpt, etc.

The imagination is not the acausal but is a Gateway to it. Some workings begin as an imaginative journey but end taking on a life and intensity that cannot be mistaken for one's own mind.

Azanigin Ascending

Key to vampiric attainment is Communion with AZANIGIN. The death experienced in initiation is followed by the Rain of Mercy that AZANIGIN will give to you. Only the worthy will receive Her Gift of the highest red elixir. You will come to know her as your MOTHER. It is in the infinite

black of her womb that our rebirth takes form.

:The Birth of a Dictator:

Directives:

The length of this extended ritual will be three months in duration. Items needed include a swastika Third Reich blood banner (party flag of the NSDAP), a uniform of some type (militaristic or police, ideally it should either be all black with swastika armband or the brown/black uniform of the storm troopers), a packet of razor blades, a satchel of dust taken from a graveyard, apocalyptic military music (we would recommend 'Puissance' from Sweden) and a copy of 'The Mass of Heresy' from the Order of the Nine Angles. Also gather all items required by the 'Mass' manuscript. Also have study materials which should consist of all of the writings of Friedrich Nietche and a copy of Adolf Hitler's autobiography "Mein Kampf' as well as John Toland's biography 'Adolf Hitler'

Morning ritual: Every morning proceed into the area which you have set aside as your temple area. Eight days before commencing with this ritual, prepare the temple in the

following manner: Upon the northern wall of the room hang the blood banner, beneath this should be a small table or lectern upon which sits a copy of Mein Kampf, a razor blade. The uniform and the satchel of graveyard dust should not be kept in the temple, but rather kept with your personal belongings in a separate area (ideally whatever room is used as your bedroom in which you sleep).

Also in your possession should be a cat o' nine tails or some other similar whip. This should be kept in the temple, near the lectern.

Upon rising, dress at once in your military uniform. Proceed into the temple and perform a bowing obeisance to the swastika blood banner, uttering the words of the "Dies Irae" chant while you are lying upon the floor.

Upon rising from the obeisance, perform the Mass of Heresy - the full Mass if you are living in a temple commune or a solitary version if you are by yourself. Upon completion perform another obeisance before the swastika flag and repeat the 'Dies Irae' chant as you performed before.

Leave the temple area and go about your normal duties in the world.

During the course of the day spend at least one hour reading the Toland Hitler biography or Mein Kampf. Upon night, before going to sleep, go into the temple naked, carrying the satchel of dirt from the graveyard/cemetery.

Upon entrance to the temple perform a full bowing obeisance before the swastika blood banner and repeat the 'Dies Irae' while making the obeisance. Rise.

While staring into the blood banner, take a small measure of the dust into your left palm, spitting to create a sort of paste. Rub the graveyard paste upon your forehead while repeating the word 'Change' eight times. Proceed to the altar and set the unused bag of gofer dust on top of the copy of Mein Kampf. Remove the cat o' nine tails from behind the lectern and turn on the apocalyptic military music.

Begin lightly (or hardly, depending on your preference) flagellating your own back with the cat o' nine tails while singing the 'Dies Irae' in the traditional manner (for the notation please contact the Tempel ov Blood or listen to the beginning of 'The Self-Immolation Rite). Give yourself eighty- eight strokes with the

cat o' nine tails while chanting the 'Dies Irae' continually. Upon completion, replace the whip and remove the goofer dust, bowing obeisance before the swastika banner and leave the room. Allow the apocalyptic music to play.

This morning and evening ritual should be performed every day and every night for a period of three months.

Ideally the extended ceremony should begin and end on a full moon.

AGIOS O NOCTULIUS!

Self, Trauma and Limitations of Human Awareness:

Part I

Foundations for Understanding the Self

The central teaching of Buddhism, discussed in detail in the psychological descriptions of the Abhidharma, is that of anatman, or "not-self." This teaching states that our suffering is due to our holding on to a "self"; that ultimately this "I" or "self" does not exist; and that enlightenment involves realizing this.

But this teaching raises many questions... For example, exactly what is this "self" that is being negated? And does Buddhism really want to eliminate any and all sense of an "I" altogether? If it does, then how is it possible for us to judge, intend and act?

On the surface, Buddhism seems to present us with two stark alternatives. Either we follow the way of the world and identify with a "self," or, if we want to attain liberation, we have to acknowledge the utter non-existence of the "I."

While the first alternative would seem to leave us right where we are, completely untransformed, the second would seem to plunge us into an unacceptable nihilism...

This dilemma is only apparent, though.

Buddhism identifies two stages in the realization of "not-self": in the first, one is liberated but engages in life, a seeming "self" to others, while in the second, one passes beyond any semblance of a "self" whatsoever.

What is the "Self"?

Buddhism describes our actual experience as disparate and impermanent, with no essential core or ground. It is composed of five skandhas five types of physical and mental phenomena, including form, feeling, perception, mental formations and consciousness.

In and of themselves, these five skandhas are ever- changing and unable to present a stable picture. Nowhere within them is an "I" or "self" to be found. Our actual nature, then, provides no inherent consistency, substantiality or continuity of identity. There is no "one thing" that can be identified as "me."

Yet such is our human situation that we find this kind of groundless, indefinable and open state of existence unacceptable and intolerable. Ignoring the facts, we tend to strive after some definite idea of who we are. So we superimpose a concept or mental label on the incessant change and flux of our experience.

This label is a mental construct that imputes a particular identity to ourselves. It is an idea that we hold, a mental image of ourselves. This concept of ourselves is what Buddhism means by the "self."

This superimposed, mental construct that is the "self" tends to be extensive and all-inclusive, comprising not only my immediate idea of myself but also mental abstractions of everything I experience. It includes both what I think of as myself and what

I think of as "other," including other people and the larger world. This "self" incorporates any explicit ideas I may have and also ways in which I perceive experience at a rudimentary level.

When I look at anything, what I think I am seeing is all part of my "self." My "self" includes what I judge as good and evil, mundane and spiritual, the ego and the egoless. This "self" thus provides a complete and seamless interpretation of reality. In our daily lives, consciously and unconsciously, we return to this all-pervading self-concept over and over to confirm our sense of existence, to assure the familiarity of our world and to provide ground and security in our lives.

All "selves," then, including both what I am calling the "pernicious self" as well as the "wholesome self," involve conceptual impositions that seek identity and continuity amidst the impermanence of experience. In this sense, all "selves" are ultimately fictitious. They are artificial, ideational creations and do not inhere in the nature of reality. They purport to designate something actually existing, but there is no existent

corresponding to our idea of self; there is only the idea.

How is the "Self" Maintained?

We humans have developed many strategies to protect and maintain our "self," whether benign or pernicious. Thus we judge some experiences as "good" or desirable because they seem to reinforce our self-concept, others as "bad" or undesirable because they call our "I" into question. In a similar way, we separate people into "friends" and "enemies," the former those who confirm what we think or want to think about ourselves, the latter those who provide an interpretation of our "I" that is unacceptable. Based on such evaluations, we spend much of our lives sorting out people, situations and occurrences depending on whether they confirm or erode our sense of "self."

An essential part of this process is the activity of repression, what Buddhism calls "ignorance." When experiences occur that are particularly problematic for us, whether they come in the form of sensations, feelings, emotions or thoughts, we turn our awareness away from them. We refuse to

acknowledge them and act as if they weren't there.

The unwanted occurrence has presented us with a painful dissonance a seemingly irresolvable conflict between our experience on the one hand and our need to maintain our ideas of our "self" on the other. For most of us most of the time, we identify our concept of ourselves with life and with sanity itself, and the prospect of allowing our "self" to be compromised in any fundamental way is not something we are able to entertain; so we choose the route of repression.

We ignore, we deny, we distance ourselves from what we are experiencing. In so doing, we surmount the threat and we maintain our idea of ourselves, but we lose touch with our experience in the process.

Even to label a person "friend" involves ignoring or repressing aspects of his or her person that are inconsistent with our desired image.

Likewise, to dislike or hate someone we have to repress his or her positive qualities. In fact, to take a consistent "position" on anything, we have to factor out large amounts of

experience that would call such consistency into question. Our actual experience of people, situations and even of ourselves is much richer than any desired image, so we solve the problem by blocking out inconsistent information.

The dissonance between experience and our self-concept is what Buddhists mean by duhkha, "suffering." We continually feel the pressure of reality impinging on our "self" in the form of mild or great discomfort and distress. Duhkha is the first noble truth because, whenever we are trying to maintain a stable, coherent and secure sense of self, duhkha is always there as reality's comment on our effort.

Of course, sometimes things occur that overwhelm our self, occurrences that we cannot deny, eliminate or repress. Catastrophes like the death of a loved one, chronic or terminal illness, painful divorce or sudden and unexpected social dislocation such as imprisonment or the collapse of a career, can thrust us into an experience of reality our "self" cannot manage. In such situations, we are devastated and we lose our sense of

known and secure reality. We literally lose our "self."

Unfortunately, in many cases, with help, we can, over a period of time, integrate what occurred and come to a new, expanded and more wholesome self-concept. This simply continues the cycle of samsara. But sometimes the havoc wrought by the catastrophe is so extensive and extreme that we are unable to fully recover a coherent sense of "self." This provides either a fall into a state that is dysfunctional madness....or...just maybe, there is an oportunity here in this crisis, the Beyond or Numinous dimensions of experience previously repressed may be available to express themselves with a clarity and freshness.

This description of the Buddhist sense of "self" provides a foundation for understanding the Buddhist sense of "self" and "not-self" in more detail.

Part II

Terror - The Overwhelming Brightness of Awareness and the Contraction of Self in Response

In the second of a multi-part series on the definition of "self" in Buddhist teaching,

Trinley Dorje asks: If the "self" is ultimately fictitious, how and why does it come to be at all? In this series of investigations, I am exploring Buddhist perspectives on "self" and "not-self." The previous inquiry examined the nature of the "self" as a conceptual entity, the erroneous assumption of continuity and substantiality that we superimpose on our discontinuous experience out of a desire for comfort and security. This leads to the question, "If the 'self' is ultimately a fictitious superimposition, how and why does it come to be at all?" If we remain strictly within the logic and viewpoint of the "self," we will be unable to see or understand it properly.

Thus, at the very outset, Buddhism points us to that which is beyond or outside of the self, providing a

vantage point from which to view its source. In Mahayana Buddhism, this source is known as buddhanature, and in the Vajrayana, as Mahamudra, "great symbol," or rikpa, "innate awareness."

According to the Mahamudra tradition, the self originates from empty, open awareness, the basic space of non-existence that underlies and runs throughout our ordinary experience.

Prior to the birth of the "self," there is space and nothing but space. This is not a cosmological description, but rather a statement of our most fundamental, moment-to-moment life as human beings.

Each instant of our conscious existence is initiated with the abrupt experience of open space, free of subject and object, and without any referent whatsoever. This space, in which there is openness and awareness but no "self" of any sort, is our most elemental being, what we most fundamentally are and have always been.

This space of "non-self," though, is not completely vacant. Within it there is a constant play that occurs: the flashing forth and disappearing of

bolts of energy, sparks of duality, all kinds of sharpness and intensity, insights, images and momentary thoughts.

Our open awareness continually "perceives" these suddenly arising and abruptly disappearing manifestations of energy, life and dynamism, but this perception is quite out of the ordinary, for it is without any boundaries, self-consciousness, familiarity or recognition of any kind.

How does the apparently continuous "self" arise within such a context? If, using the tool of meditation, we look very closely into our moment-to-moment experience, the origin of "self" becomes evident. As described in the abhidharma, all the phenomena of our conscious life are impermanent and unstable.

Each thought, each label we attach to things, each feeling or perception, bursts into consciousness out of the primordial space of unconditioned awareness, and then abruptly disappears, only to be followed by another.

The idea of the self, like all our other ideas, concepts, feelings and

perceptions, is subject to this law of appearance and disappearance. This is what Buddhism means by "egolessness": our "self," while making a certain kind of appearance, has no substantial existence and no inherent continuity..

It is nothing more than a thought, no different from any other that is abruptly born and then abruptly disappears. But if this is true, then how do we have the experience of a continuous, solid "self"? Actually, we only think we have this experience.

The "self" is a basically mistaken idea, but we repeatedly call this idea up and cling to it stubbornly because the experience of open space, of non-existence, is intolerable for us.

When we lose our ground at the end of each moment of experience, when we fall back into the primordial, boundless awareness of our own nature, when we lose "ourselves" in this way, we panic. We cannot bear to lose track of ourselves in this way; therefore we seek familiar ground. We step back from the experience of space and freeze it into a concept of "other." This "other," which is "over there," then confirms our sense of a substantial self "over here."

In fact, we step back from each and every experience of space and energy as too threatening, and affix to it some familiar conceptual reference point. Thus we seek to tame the wild, boundless emptiness and energy of our primordial nature by applying labels to it, applying some kind of logic to it, and setting it within the storyline of our "self."

Our "self," then, is not a continuous entity but rather a vagrant and inconsistent visitor to our field of awareness. It is, in essence, an impermanent idea that we must continually reinvent and reaffirm in order to be able to maintain the fiction of a substantial "I." And thus it gives the impression of being a safe haven to which we may retreat from the unpredictability and limitlessness of experience.

The birth of the self occurs amidst much fear and pain. When, through meditation, we look closely and deeply into this process, we uncover a basic terror that is at the basis of our "self."

We glimpse it and then return quickly to the security of our familiar thinking-our "self" in Buddhist terms.

This is not necessarily an esoteric or inaccessible experience. We can touch it through the simple practice of paying attention to the breath. Sit and rest your attention on your breath. As you breathe in and breathe out, simply let your attention rest on your breath at the tip of your nostrils: cool on the in-breath, slightly warm on the out-breath.

When we attempt to do this, we find we cannot do it for any amount of time. Even as we train and are better able to stay in the general vicinity of the breath, we notice that we are not really with it: we are thinking in some subtle way, thinking that we are meditating or even that we are not thinking. We may momentarily glimpse an instant when we are with the breath, but we cannot stay with it.

Why not? What is going on?

The breath itself is not a conceptual item. The familiarity that we attribute to it does not inhere in it. To experience the breath is to experience the very space and energy we are talking about. To really experience the breath as it is in itself, is a frightening experience and one that we cannot abide. To see this is extremely

useful, for it reveals the way in which the "self" is a response to naked fear.

Not only is there terror at the point of origin of the "self," there is tremendous pain at its actual formation. When we reduce our awareness from the totality to this little concept of "me," we are subliminally aware of how much we have lost. We retreat from the boundlessness and intensity of the visual field before us and narrow it down to something with which we are thoroughly familiar-tree, bowl, bedside lamp. Knowing what it is, we no longer need to pay attention to it, to open to its display, to see how it is presenting itself within our awareness, at this precise instant, as true reality.

In this retreat, we are losing the freshness, immediacy and sacredness of the world. For the meditator, this contraction of awareness-this loss of the preconceptual world-can be experienced as excruciatingly painful, leaving one overwhelmed by regret and remorse at what has been lost. Perhaps it is such an awareness, existing on a subliminal level, that lies behind the stories of a golden age and a "fall" found in the myths of origin of so many of the world's cultures.

Next we shall investigate the seemingly constituent parts that serve as a false basis for self, the five skandhas....

Part III

Deconstructed

Deconstructing the "Self"; what's this "thing" we call the "self" really made of?

In our previous investigation, we saw that the "self," the source of all our suffering, arises as a fearful response to the unfathomable, groundless awareness of our inherent essence, our buddhanature. We also saw that our "self" does not arise once and for all, but is radically impermanent, needing to be continually recreated, moment by moment.

Our impression that we are or possess a "real" self meaning an apparently substantial, continuous entity within is thus a delusion; a false attribution superimposed on our discontinuous experience. There is, in fact, nothing there corresponding to our idea.

So if the "self" is ultimately nothing more than a figment of our imagination, what is this figment like and how does it come to seem so real?

Buddhism describes the specific, moment-by-moment arising of the "self" in its doctrine of the five skandhas, or basic aspects of the human personality. On the surface, the five skandhas are presented as a refutation of the idea of a substantial, continuous "ego."

They provide an exhaustive typology within which any and all human experience can be located: in no one of the skandhas, nor in any combination of them, nor anywhere outside of them, can any "self" be found.

Understood on a deeper level, however, this teaching provides an extraordinarily sophisticated and subtle account of how the human ego, the sense of "self" arises out of primordial awareness; how it comes to have the specific structure that it does and how it functions to maintain the illusion of substantiality, continuity and relative autonomy that is our "self."

Form (rupa)

When we are functioning in our habitual human state (the condition of samsara), the experience of the essential nature is so boundless and

brilliant that it generates a terror we cannot tolerate.

In response, we recoil, pulling back from our experience and objectifying it as "other." The existence of this "other" automatically implies the existence of a "self," which is now opposed to the vastness of the space of what is not myself, the "non-self," what is "over there."

This pulling away is an act of ignoring, what Buddhists mean by the primordial ignorance (avidya) that functions as the ground of the belief in a "self." This ignoring leads to the first skandha, "form." This "form" is not the physical reality of habitual experience (a far more complex experience), but rather the impression of something substantial and truly existing apart from us.

At the level of form, the "self" is rudimentary, for as yet it has no specific shape, definition or features.

Feeling (vedana)

Now that the experience of "not-myself" (the "other") has been objectified, the need arises to define a specific relationship to it. In the

first step of this process, we must arrive at a specific valuation of what stands over and against us as this "other."

An implicit question hangs in the air: is this "other," friend, enemy or neutral? Is the other whether it be a person, a situation, an event or an experience beneficent, hostile or of indifferent value to "me"? Does it affirm and support my sense of "self"? Is it threatening to my "self"? Or is it neutral and therefore of no particular value either way to the "self" I am trying to be?

We arrive at an answer through an elemental felt sense: we feel rudimentary pleasure at that which confirms our "self," pain at that which calls our "self" into question, and nothing toward that which is irrelevant to our enterprise. Arriving at this kind of valuation brings further definition and solidity into our self-concept.

Impulse (samjna)

Having established whether the "other" is for, against or neutral vis à vis our "self," in order to further define and solidify our sense of "me,"

we now need to take up an attitude toward this other. Toward that which is experienced as positive or pleasurable, we give birth to hunger, grasping, clinging: we want to draw the wanted "other" toward us, to possess, own and control it. By contrast, we generate hostility toward what is experienced as negative or painful: we want to reject it, push it away, eliminate it from our world.

In relation to that which is neutral, we generate delusion (moha): we turn our attention in other directions, pretending that it does not exist.

Karmic Formations (samskaras)

The first three skandhas occur at a rudimentary, felt level. Taken together they represent the shift of awareness that occurs when, in panic, we pull back from our inherent nature.

We can identify five steps in the process of the first three skandhas: 1) there is the experience of the limitless space of our basic nature; 2) we panic; 3) we recoil (form); 4) we sense whether, in relation to our "me," the other is positive, negative or neutral (feeling); and 5) we develop

the appropriate affective stance toward the other, whether passion, aggression or delusion (impulse).

In the fourth skandha, to further concretize our sense of "self," we seek to make sense of ourselves on a conceptual level, to block out a place for ourselves in the limitless inner and outer worlds. We strive to establish a coherent rationale for what we are pulling toward us, pushing away or ignoring. We accomplish this by attaching concepts all sorts of extraneous mental baggage such as identifications, labels, judgments and rationalizations to the experiences of the first three skandhas.

In this way we fabricate a personal storyline, a continuous narrative through which we try to explain and justify who we are to ourselves and to everyone else. The raw materials for this process are contained in our vast memory bank, which includes all memories, conscious and unconscious: in other words, the habitual patterns of thinking, complex feeling and interpretation that we have experienced over, at least, this lifetime.

While form, feeling and impulse are more or less similar in each of us, our karmic formations are more idiosyncratic. Their precise contents and ultimate configuration are unique to each of us.

Consciousness (vijnana)

The final skandha is a felt sense that holds, coordinates and supervises the process of the first four skandhas.

Our unbounded awareness (buddhanature) is what receives sense perceptions and mental phenomena, but it is the consciousness; a limited, centralized, self-absorbed and self-serving field of highly restricted awareness that decides what to focus on and what to exclude from our awareness.

The focusing presumes a stance of withdrawal from experience (form) and is guided by our primitive evaluation of the other (feeling); it uses our three self-serving modes of engagement: passion, aggression and delusion (impulse) and it chooses from the totality of our karmic formations which specific concepts will be needed to fulfill our self-project.

Consciousness not only fixates on the contents and process of the delusional "self," it also ignores and excludes all experience that is deemed not useful to or conflicts with the needs of this "self." Thus it restricts its awareness to a tiny portion of the totality of the buddhanature. In this way, consciousness is always striving to create a sense of "self" that feels solid, secure and comfortable.

Aspects of the Five Skandhas

Each the five skandhas are both a structure and a process. As a structure, they define the contents and configuration of our self-concept.

What we try to think ourselves to be includes a fundamental separation from the other (form); a sensed feeling of pleasure, pain or indifference in relation to the other (feeling); an attitude of primitive hunger, hatred or dismissal (impulse); an elaborate, multidimensional rationalizing (karmic formations) and a perpetually paranoid "watcher" that seeks to control the entire process (consciousness).

But this is also a moment-by-moment process. It shows how we are engaged in a never-ending struggle to deny our ever-changing experience and, moment by moment, to maintain the impression that we are a continuous, substantial "self."

Each skandha is, in some sense a distinctive feature within the totality of our "self." At the same time, however, each implies and depends upon the others. It is easy to see how each skandha depends upon the ones that come before it. For instance, we cannot hunger for something we have not yet evaluated but the first skandhas also presuppose the later: the felt sense of pain, pleasure or neutrality of the second skandha, as well as the passion, aggression and delusion of the third can only come about as felt senses of the specific storyline of the fourth skandha.

When we see someone we know, whether we feel good, bad or indifferent about him and whether we want to go toward him, run away from him or ignore him will depend upon the bank of memories we have of him. It will also depend on the way we conceptualize him and where he fits

into our own global narrative (functions of the fourth skandha).

This all raises an important question: given that our self-concept arises in such a manner and possesses the described structure and dynamics, is this necessarily a problem? Can we not see the "self" delusion as it may be as a natural, inevitable and even beneficial aspect of the human being?

What is it about the "self" that Buddhism finds so problematic? My final investigation of this series will seek to answer this question.....or maybe the answer is already intuitively dawning upon the more discerning reader?

Part IV

Exposing the Self

So I am sending the last article of the first series, it is very low on any overt Sinister messages, probably more tame than the first few, but it is setting important ground.

The last paragraph is to plant seeds for the "Guru Principle", to open the door to the dreaded "Vajra Relationship" with a teacher, who definitely embodies Dr. Sgt. Grey.

Also things are discussed that could maybe later open the door to shock techniques and also modified forms of the insight role.

It is the insight role method of the ONA that led to many of the ideas in this article and provided the personal experience to allow me to speak about the rigid and awareness constraining effects of ego-clinging. I am not fully satisfied with it, but it is not of a big concern, as you will see, the next series pulls no punches, as it is read by an already prepared audience.

I know you crave overt sinister forms, and they are often refreshing for me as well, so be patient comrade, you will see how these seeds are being watered soon enough. The method seems to be subtle enough so that by the time the intellectual resistence to extreme methods has been softened, the students of a certain Noctulian fellow often do not know how far they have strayed from the flock until they are already fully assimiliated into the Hive.

I am actually finding much more long-term success and more drastic changes working with those who originally had no overt sinister inclinations than I ever did with the teens who like to shout "Hail Satan" and listen to Black Metal. Sheep dress like wolves and wolves dress like sheep it seems. You may have, it seems, discovered this in your own political directions.

Madness,
Kuntuzangpo

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Why Problematic? Exposing the "Self"

"What makes one's 'self' so problematic," says Trinley Dorje, "is its degree of isolation from our actual experience, its rigidity and dissonance with Reality Beyond itself."

So far, we have seen that the "self" is a purely conceptual construction emerging as a fearful reaction to the limitless expanse of our inherent nature.

Through the process of the five skandhas, we pull back into an inner fantasy world that is a "mentalized" and distorted version of reality, a series of images and thoughts that we take to be a fixed and substantial "self."

Because this "self" is little more than an incessant monologue that we must carry on in order to feel secure in our identity, it tends to be self-serving and self-absorbed.

From this point of view, the wild ravings of some of the more extreme forms of mental illness are only exaggerations of the delusional inner life we all carry on to maintain the fiction of our "self"; the habitual

"self" that most of us "have" is a pernicious phenomenon.

What makes this "self" so extraordinarily problematic is its degree of isolation from our actual experience, its rigidity and dissonance with reality beyond itself.

The pernicious or problematic "self" is always something of a hallucination it postulates something that is not just a conceptual construction, but often wildly inconsistent with actual experience.

For example, I frequently encounter aspirants of this path who believe, just as soo many others in modern culture, that their "I" should be solid, continuous and unchanging. Yet, they may have come across moments when they discovered a profound gap or discontinuity in their supposedly continuous self. Because this experience is so out of keeping with what they believe should be happening, they are often thrown into a crisis of doubt, fear and confusion.

Most commonly perhaps encouraged by family, friends or the culture at large, they will try to disbelieve what occurred; they will attempt to

deny or ignore their experience and retreat back to what they believed in their pre-crisis state.

They may even resort to the school psychiatrist, seeking medication to block out any possibility of experiencing that kind of discontinuity again. But even in such cases, they are haunted by what they saw, and they are sorely distressed by the contradiction it poses to their idea of "self." That's why such conviction in a solid "self" is clearly harmful; because it is so blatantly outside of keeping with what is actually the case. As in this example, it renders people unable to acknowledge common experience. It leads them down a path of self-contradiction and alienation.

According to the Buddhist abhidharma, the problematic "self" is characterized by certain specific features called "unvirtuous dharmas" in the traditional parlance. First, because the experience of the problematic "self" is so glaringly out of keeping with our actual experience, an inordinate amount of denial or, in Buddhist terms, ignorance, is required to maintain it.

The more our idea of ourselves is inconsistent with what is the case, the more effort we must put into keeping it going. And the more we do so, the more threatening will our actual experience be to our self image; requiring an ever more vehement and energetic ignoring of what occurs.

This process leads to a "self" that is more or less dysfunctional, that is rigid, inflexible and highly resistant to correction by experience.

No matter what happens, we tend to grip tightly to our pre-existing notion of ourselves. This inflexibility may manifest itself in an overly aggressive stance, but it may also be reflected in one that is stubbornly passive.

For example, if someone is committed to a view of themselves as a weak and vulnerable victim, the experience of oneself as possessing strength, power and autonomy will be repressed; in such a case, information that contradicts one's self-image will be systematically discounted and dismissed, even if that information is positive.

This investment in what we think or want to think about ourselves and

our concomitant denial of experience leads to a "self" that is inherently distrustful and paranoid. We have placed all of our trust in our concept of ourselves, and withdrawn our trust from experience. Experience now becomes the enemy. Sometimes subliminally and sometimes quite consciously, we do realize the contradiction between what we think about ourselves and our experience. This puts us perpetually on guard, ever ready to defend the territory of our "I" against any threat posed from outside.

A further feature of this negative self is its particular disembodiment, isolation and fragility. The human ego, or "self-concept," obviously emerges as a highly selective construction of our life experiences. In a very real sense, it has taken its life, its nourishment and its vitality from what we have gone through.

Our "self" rests upon and has come about through continual correction and reformulation in light of our experience. In this way, our "self" or "ego" is a dependent and therefore changeable phenomenon. When we have a self-concept that is unable to accommodate what we are experiencing and is not open to continual

reformulation, when it is rigidly and inflexibly held as it is for most of us, we lose touch with the vital springs of our own lives. This leads to a loss of basic confidence, even when we masquerade with bravado or aggressive posturing. The "self," then, is essentially narcissistic; it is vain and self-absorbed. It is unable to acknowledge the existence of anything essentially different from itself.

Nothing has value within its own frame of reference, but is assigned value only in so far as it confirms or detracts from our desired self-image.

This is true not only of people and situations we may meet, but even of our most basic feelings and sense perceptions. Nothing can be allowed to stand on its own feet, outside of the territory of ego; it must be brought into ego's domain through the sticky matrix of the five skandhas.

All of these processes and characteristics of the pernicious "self" may be summarized in the term duhkha, or "suffering" the first noble truth of Buddhism. Our "self" is in a state of continual pain, marked by fear and anxiety.

It continually senses but cannot acknowledge its own dependency, reactivity and fragility. It feels alienated and inauthentic, but doesn't know any alternative. It is always trying, more or less unsuccessfully, to manipulate and control the world it experiences. As a result, we undergo the continual discomfort sometimes vivid, sometimes very subtle of feeling artificial, fake or phony.

This problematic "self" also points toward the future, for it sows the seeds of further, subsequent suffering. In Buddhist terms, it generates negative karma. Attempting to maintain our "self" involves the creation of ever deeper and more entrenched habits of reaction, defensiveness and ignorance. We get used to the compulsive perpetuation of our "self" in certain habitual ways, and in this we are stubborn and incorrigible. The more we drive in the same rutty tracks, the deeper the ruts become and the more difficult it is to respond to situations or live our lives in a fresh and open way.

The self-perpetuating process of the pernicious "self" is known in Buddhism as samsara never ending, cyclic existence. Our problematic

"self," by its very definition, can never on its own, break free. Only when some outside agent intervenes is there any possibility of change. The Buddhist dharma provides such an agent and, when it enters the scene, the unwholesome, samsaric "self" can begin to undergo change....

Blood Lord Karnac Velton
Tempel ov Blood

:Drill Sgt. Grey:
A Disturbing Analysis
VVM

A NOCTULIAN craves *DISCIPLINE.*

DRILL SGT. GREY is the *LEADER* of the VVM (Velton Vindex Movement.) He is a grim, grey alien with large, almond-shaped eyes and a small, skeletal figure (which is in contrast to his over-sized head.) He wears a Drill Sgt.

Uniform (including a large, harsh brimmed hat with the numerical code of '333' emblazoned on the front, military pants tucked into combat boots and a military battle-ready logistical jacket emblazoned with the numeric '333' and on which is pinned an insignia of the Nine Angles, a patch bearing the sigil of the TOB and upon the collar-tab epaulets is the numbers '333' - the latter which appears on both of his thin, starved shoulders.)

He wears a black armband with the large white letters sewn onto the clothe bearing the initials 'VVM'.

His mouth is only a slit which never smiles. From his mouth emanates only HATE because he hates you, he wants to DISCIPLINE you, he wants to PUNISH you, he wants to push you over the brink so that you fall - like chaff - into the blaze of the ABYSS, the blaze of SUBVERSION, the blaze of the CLANDESTINE, the blaze of TORTURE, the blaze of DISCIPLINE.

He carries a wooden punishment paddle that he has drilled with holes, many, many holes. The holes are to lessen the wind resistance when he beats you and he WILL beat you! - He will beat you like a bad little girl or a bad little boy, but he will not beat you because you have been bad, no! He will beat you because you have not been bad enough! When he bends you over and paddles your backside it is a loving discipline because he is saying to you:

Do NOT be human! BE A NOCTULIAN! Although the way he phrases it may sound more like "TOUGHEN UP YOU WIMP!" or it may even sound like the churning and grating of hideous machinery in a terrible, dark and grim factory somewhere in the astral wastelands.

Did we mention he also carries a cat o' nine tails made of a hideous

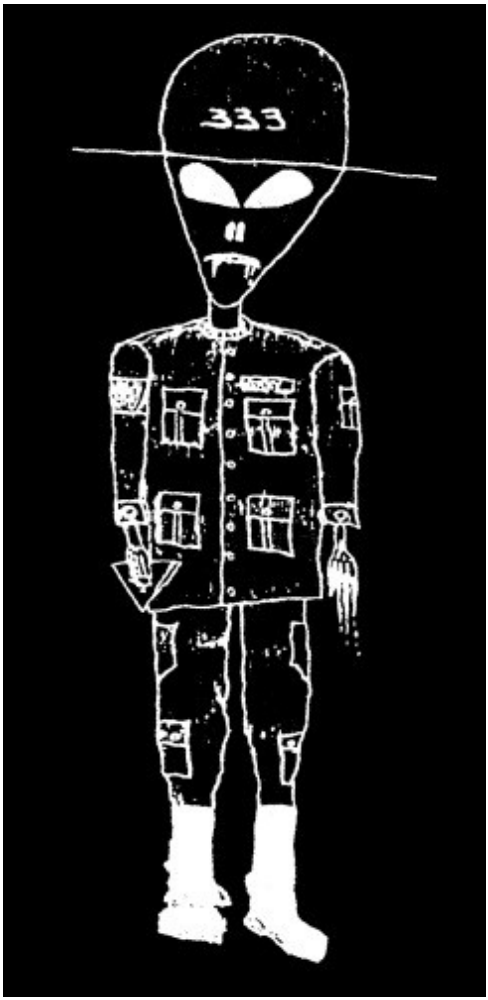
leather-like substance which is interspersed with spikes? You are truly a fortunate soul if Drill Sgt. Grey decides to go after you with that particularly unholy implement.

The name tag on his battle-ready logistical jacket reads "GREY" - just in case you do not recognize him when you see him... But if you do see him you will surely recognize him, because only the most fortunate boys and girls receive the very specific sort of dark gifts and surprises that Drill Sgt. Grey has to offer.

Every foul verbal abuse that issues forth from his mouth which swirls and rotates with the horrors or Nythra will make you more motivated.

Each beating he gives you will bring you closer and closer to the ABYSS and INSANITY (like a trout swimming upstream, the abyss will make you IMMOLATE yourself in the hideous and caustic ordeal of shedding the causal.) The more miles you run and the more push-ups you do chanting '333' will help you transform from your current state into a bloated frog: bloated on the blood current of the Velton Vindex Movement and basking under the radioactive glow of atomic

mushroom clouds who look down upon you
with leering, spiral eyes.


333

:Project Eviscera:

A Brief Synopsis:

The Character begins his entries in the feckless manner of a pseudo-satanic persona, ept to be easily influenced and controlled by the various nagian and nazarene distractions. He has for the last few years been developing his Ego via the mechanisms of 'Vampirism' and the ethos of a black magickal society of which he is leader.

Having been at the top of the ladder in terns of his observation of his position in the pecking order amongst his associates and lackeys for so long, he is not surprisingly seduced by the promise of even greater power in exchange for giving up sone of the bricks in his Ego.

At first he believes he can cheat the deal and take the power without abandoning any of his vices or persona - he even toys with the idea of giving up some of the things that have (naturally) become stale and boring, not at all worthy of him, the 'vampiric star'. However, the search for such power takes its own secret tarry and he

is gradually seduced further and further into gaining the Power, his time and activities spent on reading and working with the texts slowly increases. He eventually finds hinself more and more often having to choose between an old persona nazarene activity such as drinking, sex, playing vampire, or spending time working with the various manuscripts.

The balance is eventually won by the manuscripts as they reveal the Forces under which his existence labours, and he becomes resentful of many Magian activities:

- The transient nature of his friends empty fair-weather attitudes flitting fron moment to moment to match herd conformity and trends.

- Working on the pretext of elevating the powerlessness of his Cult (in comparison to what the texts purport to be able to dol.

- Smoking, drinking, sex and spending time with the herd.

As the texts educate hin on the Forces that affect him and his friends, he becomes withdrawn, disillusioned with the previous life and ego he held evident truth, and gradually creates

distance between the factors and influences in his old life, in order to take on the new one as a man with genuine power. The inevitable struggle that ensues, with transient nazarene vice vs uncompromising higher ideals serves to alienate hin piece by piece fron his friends and family, his job his dreams his ambitions - are challenged, and in his thirst for power, discarded as need be. This permanent change in his psyche alienates him from the magian majority, and he finds hinself unable to return to "normality" - for everywhere he looks he is now conscious of lower and higher forces influencing every aspect of what he sees. The separation from the Womb of the nagian causes him pain, confusion, anger, suicidal tendencies, as the rapidly manifesting fact that he cannot now go back to the LIB, tears, destroys, and re-creates him. Now alone, on the edge, magian chains broken, he is ripe fruit for picking from the Tree, and is apt to pursue the texts with genuine conviction. He will pass through the following stages.

- **Ego** - where reading the texts serves to elevate, honour and justify his decision to put his old life in storage fron time to time (now while

living his old life, the texts occupy his waking conscious

- **Deliberation** - the battle comes to a violent head when he must choose to pursue the sinister or return to his old life, pressured by his friends about his attitude and changing persona. There he will decide, in the twixt, what he will do. Once chosen, he is apt to reinforce this decision by a timeless act of symbolian as is the nature of man, and will find himself unable to reconcile the two, a permanent walling off of the Magian has occurred)

- **Desperation** - he is thrust into a world of unfamiliar and alien concepts, introduced to such secrets that twist and warp his psyche - he mourns for his old life in the times when he is overcome by the requirements to achieve such powers, but it is too late to repent, he has already changed his psyche and destroyed his old life. So he forges ahead, certain that he can justify his decision, his addictions, his weakness, his nazarenity as a Good thing.. if only he can gain the power promised from the texts...

- **Disruption** - the void between his old life and new life grows larger. His

new life brings him new contacts, new friends, new ambitions, new dreams, new desires, new terminology... The consequent destruction /creation of forms as the two worlds continue to separate leave him bewildered. He finds himself in mental-physical- existential Limbo. He will either be destroyed by this process, or go on to the next stage,

• **Contemplation** -the two worlds separate, but as the explosions and destruction/creation cease to affect him so violently, he realises the two worlds of the Magian and the Sinister have travelled as far as they can in their separate directions only to meet at the extremes and become one again. the Sinister and the Magian become the new opposites beyond opposites. He is totally Incensed by the wonder of this magickal phenomenon and settles down (by being fire-inspired) - and existentially, pursues the texts physically, mentally, with new-found confidence, determination, understanding, and elan. His goals have changed. He is no longer pursuing the Sinister fron a Magian base, but pursuing his God-hood from a Sinister base.

• **Residue** - the most dangerous of the stages to the boy. His attainment

may well be delusion brought on by ill-preparation or psychic damage, and unconsciously harbouring the old magian desires for sex, physical power, fame, vice etc - will be easily seduced by texts such as those dealing with Noctulians. Enter the Dragon.

*** *** ***

Dear diary.

You know those times in life when you think you're top shit, everythings going well, and then something happens that fucks it all up for you? I had one of those today.

I always thought I knew what being a vampire was all about, hell I have a council of six under me that meets twice a month to discuss motions and practice vampire rituals - sure I got them off the net, but they came from real vampires and it took me ages to get them, all sorts of little games had to be played and tests done etc.

The website Ive been running has already got 240 members and 1222 hits at last count! That's a fucking stack of pussy hehe :-) & all these people

are there reading what me and my council do and wanting to join us.

So okay, I knew it wasn't ALL about dressing in black and having tattoos and drinking blood (it's mostly about looking like a dark muthafucker and getting laid with hot gothic chattel) and the journal ive been keeping about the places I go when I dream has generated some interest from online vampire cults... but I came across some shit today that blew my mind.

I was already aware of Anton Laveys Satanic Bible and the whole thing with Satan through sheila, but it all seemed like it made sense yesterday; Probably cause I didn't have anything to compare with all the stuff she said, and now that I do, I don't think she really knows what shes been talking about all this time!

Simon sent me a whole lot of stuff from an organization called the T.O.B the "tempel ov blood" and I got to read all about what vampires ACTUALLY DO. None of this dracula shit either, the hard stuff, the real mccoy. How do I know? Cause it makes sense, I just don't know how yet. Anyway, more later, time to visit the astral. Night diary.

Dear diary.

I think I should give you a name. Something female perhaps? How about Skyla? Good. Well skyla I've been reading those texts all day that simon sent me and im tired as all fuck.

Theres some real interesting things in there, lots of stuff about the old practices of vampires and some other things called WAMPHYRI, I think ill show them to the council next full moon at our 'NN' gathering.

I've been looking up wamphryi on the net and have found heaps of stuff about Tiamat and Marduk, I won't bore you with the details, suffice to say im starting to doubt that I've been doing the real thing all this time.

Remember the time I told you about J's little necronomicon adventure when he tried to call Narlathotep and he took datura, and then went missing and no one could find him for days? Well when we did find him cold and shivering under his grammas house; he said the weirdest things to me that I've never forgotten. He said while he was making the signs & chanting stuff in "Enochian"; that he felt this fucking mad surge of energy fill him and he

told me he stood in the middle of the fire for at least ten seconds completely unaffected by the flames.

I always thought he was a liar, bullshitting out of his arse, but when he showed us the spot he done the sunmoning at there was this big scorch on the dirt all around the fire, but the dirt in the middle was totally untouched, and on top of that his pants were totally fucking burnt to a crisp but he wasn't even singed!

We think he took them off and burned them in the fire then put them back on, but how about the unburned dirt in the middle? Mind you, he got his necronomicnon off the net - all sorts of dodgy stuff out there. Stacys here, going to go fuck diary. Later!

Entry.

Hey diary. I mean 'skyla'. Were where we. Oh ya. Tempel ov BLOOD! Scare ya? Sorry, just playing. I wrote back to simon and asked him where he'd gotten the stuff but he had it passed on to him too so no luck there. Might do a search later. For now im totally freaked and intrigued about this 18.333 ritual. I might be able to use it to do an official initiation the for the

council, I might bring it up next week I might not.

Well now for some non-vampire related news! No just kidding.. im thinking I might give it a try, getting tobacco is no problem, I just need to find out what the "Choronzon manifesting" sigil is. Ill ask simon and see if he knows. Going to work now, talk to you later.

Entry.

Fucking shitty shitty cuntlicking ballsniffing arsefistfucker fuck fuck fuck! Dickhead says hes going to dock my pay another hour cause the fucking dicksucking bus was LLL.AAA.TTT.EEE. too angry to write, FUCK THE WORLD!!!! !!!!!!!!!! 666

Entry.

Hey skyla.

I've calmed down a bit now. Simon sent me back some more notes he got from god knows where, and I thought id share them with you, firstly this is the symbol of Choronzon manifesting.

Pretty cool huh? and secondly wait for it Simon knows someone who is in the T.O.B who can get him more texts and

hes going to pass them on to me... well I've gotta go meet the syx and drink a 40 down at the tubs. Bye for now skybaby.

(a few days pass... no entries are made)

Entry.

Sorry, few days out of action after my hangover and since I found out that fucking mott "Vlad' has been fucking around with my woman.

Turns out they've been having an affair for around six months, I punched his skinny head in so hard my are knuckles are blistered. Dan and mez broke it up, otherwise I would have killed the fag.

I asked her why she did it when we were on our own and she said 'uh I dunno' **???!!!** Fucking bitch, im so over women! Don't mean you though skyla..fuck

(few more days pass, no more then three, no entries)

Entry.

Sorry Been keeping to myself and not feeling like writing skyla.

Feeling depressed about sheila and Vlad, must have gone through two packs of smokes today at least. Haven't heard from Simon, he was supposed to get back to me with some more stuff about the 333 rite. Still, at least he's not a cheating lowlife. Anyway, going for a walk, see ya later.

Entry.

Found out that Sheila and Vlad have been talking about leaving the counsil - don't know how I feel about that.

Entry.

Simon sent me a sort of comic book and some files about the Annunaki, I've heard of them before but I don't really know much about them, apparently they have lots to do with vampirism. The comic book is cool, and scary too. Its basically a story about this guy who buys this evil cd, he listens to it and it makes him crazy, and he turns into hitler and drips blood into a vortex. I'd like to drip Vlads blood into a vortex.

Entry.

Dads going away up north for a few days, told me to watch over things, so of couse, Im going to have a party...

I need to get laid.

:The Cthonic Flow ov Falcifer:

The following is something initiates may wish to perform with their guiding Noctulian acting in the role of Falcifer...

The ritual is to be performed on the night of the dark moon, or close to it. It will be performed with one individual acting as the Vessel, and another as Falcifer. Falcifer will be clad in black, with a mask to conceal his/her face, while the Vessel will remain nude. A cat o' nine tails is needed, as well as a quartz crystal, preferably shaped as a tetrahedron. An open grave, six feet deep will be needed, and a piece of wood, drywall, or suitable material to cover the hole. If at all possible, the ONA's Eorthe CD should be played loudly throughout the entire ritual.

At dusk the participants will gather at the chosen spot, and Falcifer will begin by whipping the Vessel with the cat o' nine tails viciously. After the beating, the Vessel should be thrown into the open grave, and the grave covered by the board. The board

should have Sigils of Dark Gods carved into it, so that when dawn comes, light will shine into the pit. A large enough hole for Falcifer to place his/her arm into should be cut as well. The board should be strong and bricks or other suitable material should be used to hold it down. This is to ensure the Vessel does not break loose prematurely. It is expected that demonic possession will ensue, and that the Vessel will likely become violent.

After placing the Vessel in the hole, Falcifer will leave. At 3:00 A.M. Falcifer will return and holding a quartz crystal, vibrate "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth" seven times. During the vibration Falcifer should visualize a rent in the sky and darkness pouring down into the crystal, and then into the Vessel. Before the darker than black energy enters the crystal, it should be seen to take on demonic and draconic forms. After the vibration and preliminary visualization, Falcifer will visualize the energy changing the Vessel into a Dark God.

Before leaving Falcifer should cut his/her arm and feed the Dark God a blood sacrifice. The crystal should remain near the vessel. Falcifer may have to stand guard to ensue the Vessel

does not break loose if he/she has become violent.

When the dawn breaks, and the Morning Star rises in the east, Falcifer will return to the spot and recite the "Oriens Splendor" chant. Food, drink, and clothes should be brought to the Vessel. Breakfast and a shower will aid a return to worldly consciousness...

Appendix

:Blood Lord Karnac:
Archaelus Baron (E.A. Koetting)
Dialogues

In this document, you will find correspondences between the founder and head of the Tempel ov Blood (their spelling) and myself, in which he ("Blood Lord Karnac Velton") answers some of my questions about the Tempel, sinister vampirism, etc.

Also included are instructions from him on how to set up my own "blood pool," my own vampiric lodge, and the layout of the practices and structure within the ToB.

And, I've included ToB manuscripts, some of them written by me, some by the other czars, and some by the founder, all of them distributed to members of the ToB.

Now, at this time in my experience of life I was completely underground, no driver's license or registered vehicles, no on-books jobs, no apartment lease, no bank account. I had been living like this for a few years, and was pursuing the sinister path more

intensely than most others ever dare to.

I was living as a true sinister predator. I can elaborate some time if you like, but there is a lot that I simply will never put in writing, both for legal protection, as well as for my own pride.

Everything in this document is completely restricted. I have no doubt that the psychopaths whose "names" are given here would make immediate plans for my demise if they discovered that I shared these with you. And, in contrast with most others who hate me, these particular psychopaths should be feared and kept at a distance. So, anything that you quote from was anonymously passed to you.

Also, as I have walked this psychopathic path in its depths, if you have any questions you need clarified, let me know and we can jump on the phone.

Sinister Greetigns Archaelus,

Glad to hear from you. As for Tempel dues, there are none. At least not in money. If you are being a productive Sinister Dialectian, then that is all that matters. Support for the Tempel may be different for different members. Some may give money, other and (these are the really valuable ones) give their sweat, blood, and tears. I assure you there is no lack of any of the three principles you mentioned. What is recieved depends on what you want and give.

As for our teachings, some are kept secret, but for good reason, access to these requires close working woth the Tempel. For example, some we allow members to read, but not to have copies of at this time. But I think you will ascend fast and become what the Tempel calls a "Czar".

Being labelled such is something akin to being an "External Adept" and these are the active individuals who will work with us. We train individuals harshly to get to this level, once they are there, what happens is in accord with their Sinister Destiny. They are considered a "Czar" if their individual destiny involves their continued

participation with the Noctulians. The Noctulians are the ruling body of the Tempel. We run the Tempel as well as many other Sinister activities that are more covert.

I myself will be unavailable for about six months come december 6th. But if you plan on ordering the CD I will have my Mistress reserve you a copy and she will send when she hears from you. The address is on the egroup, but will be erased soon, so contact me if you need it. The email at [redacted] will remain active yet unchecked for the next six months, so if you want to write me, I will answer when I am free.

As for your involvement, part of the ToB agenda is the releasing of atavism within our members. The integration of the shadow, the awakening of the reptilian brain-stem.

You seem to have already done this to a large extent. So if you want to be a part of the Tempel, all that really needs to be done is for you get a good feel for us, merge into the Blood Pool and if you will want the responsibility, become a Czar.

I will explain what this entails.

As a Czar, one either runs a ToB clutch, or they engage in some other very productive role that boosts our agenda. For example maybe spread a herectical political form, infiltrate and disrupt other Magian organizations, basically there as many roles as "Czars". But to do such also entails a close working with the Tempel, as our work is dirty and requires some amount of trust, not blind trust mind you.

As for some of our projects. I will say that a certain religious-political groups are under our aeonic manipulation, various occult groups are being altered in Sinister accordance, many individuals are undergoing disruptive social programming. Some Black Metal manipulations are ligned up, and well, if you want to keep busy, the ToB is good for you. There is no reason any member should ever be bored with all that remains to be done.

Also, some land down south is being turned into a powerful Nexion, as well as a Black Pilgrimmage area in another US location. You may like to visit these later in the future.

I am sure you find that this is for you, as so far I can see. I look forward to working with you.

To the Harvest...

BL Karnac Velton

(forwarded printout of an email from Archaelus during his time as a prospective member for TOB)

So far, this exercise you've given me is yielding... terrifying results.

In the span of only a couple of days, a good part of who I was has been burned away. I've become easily irritated and angered lately. Today, while in contemplation of the Sigil, became extremely confused about the TOB and about everything. Later, I became depressed, to the point of holding my .45 auto in my hand and considering suicide. That passed, and left me with a feeling of a burden lifted, and a drive to complete the fast and the contemplation. I'm very very tired - exhausted. Although I've been draining the Blood Force of quite a few people today, I'm just as quickly expending such in my visualizations and chants.

(BLKV underlines the last sentence and comments to the side "-nice! Blood for the TOB!")

In drawing some of the sigils, I've felt and heard and seen a darkness sweeping down from the blackness between the stars and filling me as I draw.

Being midpoint in this exercise, I can't even lie and say I fully understand it. I'm getting close though. The numbers 333 keep pouring through my head and spinning my brain, and there's something just beyond my sphere of sensation.

I can feel myself sinking into this blackness, and know... just KNOW... that I am soon to emerge from it like a Phoenix once it swallows me whole and killsme. Reborn from my ashes.

Tomorrow night is the end of the 3 day fast, and the completion of the exercise. I'll send a full report before I break the fast, if you'd like.

Archaelus.

Greetings Archealus,

I am glad you speak as you do regarding initiation, your insight is similiar to my own. To be a dangerous person, one must accept insecurity and danger into their lives. All else is empty posturing.

As for a move to the south, a nexion is being slowly created in SC, and NC. SC is called "The Hinterlands" by the ToB adherents, and is in many ways the heart of our movement. Some very powerful energies were released in MI, but because of that it became a legally hazardous situation for the ToB. Only a few comrades remain up there.

As for what you say about "insanity" I understand completely. Our path requires a break from the limitations of the herd consciousness that can be viewed by the herd only as "insanity". May the mushroom clouds of 333 be released, and the Backwards Darkness manifest itself.

I will explain some of the ToB agenda. We are very long-term minded.

We are currently expanding and spreading the Christian Identity

movement, as well as directing it with covert sinister propaganda, and magickal energy. (One major individual in CI recently died very unexpected. He had powerful "Shugara" currents being directed into him, apparently he could not take it.) Also I have some ideas for the cult of Vaishnavism. If one or two ToBers could take the role of a "Sunnyasi Guru", as well as a trip to India to alter the outpour of acasual energies from their Nexion in a Sinister fashion, that would be ideal.

They have hundreds of rural communities all over the world, the US has many as well. Some are even well armed despite their seemingly passive mentality. Huge scale disruption is possible. We also spread within Asatru circles the use of Rokkr archetypes, as the Age of the Wolf is similiar to the Aeon of the Dark Gods. Our neonates, and sometimes Adepts like to play with magian occult groups, infiltrating and disrupting. All our members are to strive to be what the Hare Krishna movement calls "pure devotees". That is, every action, even a twitch of one pinky finger, is to begin to happen in constant mindfulness of Sinister intent. Thus will they become as Satan on Earth.

I will arrange for a CD to be made, some of our darker and more esoteric mss are not available until fall 2004, but I will inform you when they are available.

I would be interested in to how far you have advanced in the Vampiric path. Also while many covert sinister agendas are being worked, I would like to see some powerful overt activites develope as well. I encourage to read the ONA MS "Tabula Rasa" in regards to this and tell me what you think. Some individuals enjoy covert action, while some do not like to hide their sinister nature, if you are as such, maybe you will enjoy being part of a cabal of Sinister Esoterrorists whose objective there is no confusion about.

May the Dark Envelope your being,

Nice, I like your criticism, it is refreshing to be away from sycophants.

The system disruption library is mostly Anton Long material, so I thought that you might recognize it.

The man with glasses is Myatt. We are working with many groups, some know

it, some don't. The individual named "Joshua Caleb Sutter" is a very insightful and interesting man. You may not know it, but you have read and complemented writings of his. I am not going to reveal any definite things until I meet you in person, but CI is not our only project, it is however a major one. We are also responsible for an Alienic Cult, we are begining to work with Vaishnavism, Asatru, and a few other forms. Also inflitration of psuedo-Satanic groups is done. When you study the story "Azanigin" you will understand more on this. Also, the CI members are mostly opfers, however, they are not to be offed by us personally, rather instead we send them out to be self-destructive and tear away at larger "supra-opfers" such as Magian America. But if one looks like he won't pull the trigger and is useless, and you need an intimate cull opfer, then using your Satanic Character I am sure you can determine who to enact this upon. Culling once or twice for personal development on an intimate level seems enough to me to get the individual to a point where they can then do it for aeonic purposes. Also think "mushroom cloud" in terms of aeonic culling. "He who stands atop the highest pyramid...".

NS, CI, etc is mostly destructive, and used for such. As for what form will be in place after the Harvest, we shall see.

If I have not given sufficient explanation to ease your curiousity you may ask more. Also the ToB has done much with the elite few we are, but we are only begining when you think in terms of what we will be five years from now. We will amount to what the individuals who are part of the Blood Pool make it. If you seek union with us, you too are responsible for our success. We have much to offer, but if you think simply what can you give me, and not what can I give the ToB, then we have little use for you. So to this end, I would appreciate if you shared some of the Satanic Vision that you have with me. What is it that drives you? What is your aeonic dream. I can only assume so far that you agree at least somewhat with the ONA, and maybe what ever little you have read of us.

Ascend The Pyramid,

BLKV

ToB

(The following was written by me to members of the ToB. For writing propaganda like this, I was invited to begin training for the position of Czar in the Tempel.)

The following may seem very un-"Satanic" to some, yet may at the same time present a true Sinister view to others. It doesn't matter much to me which is chosen.

It seems to me that the one thing that keeps coming up concerning culling is rationalization. By saying "we only kill those that deserve it," or "our opfers choose themselves through testing; we don't just randomly kill," we are trying to excuse away our thoughts, feelings and our actions.

This seems like a feel-good-about-yourself philosophy.

Fact is, we DON'T only kill the deserving. We kill women, children, mothers, infants. We eradicate "innocents" in record number. We have at our disposal cults and militias willing to stab to death anyone that we tell them is an enemy, governments and terrorist factions with biological and

nuclear weapons, religions with world control. And we DO use these in the breaking down of the present system, resulting in more deaths than can be counted. Whether or not YOU as a "Satanist" are putting the powers that rest in your hands to use is your call.

I know I am, and I know there are quite a few others that are.

I KNOW that a good deal of the military action in Iraq and surrounding area is due to Sinister/Aeonic planning and manipulation through various means.

We're not personally testing every one of our opfers, but we're allowing the acausal to slide through the Nexion into this realm and take its toll. Now, it will be said that "such is war... a different type of Culling." Once again, to me this sounds like the heretic trying to believe he is moral and good.

As an Adept, you ARE the Nexion through which the vindication of the Dark Gods flows into this world. Good and evil no longer apply.

"He who stands atop the highest pyramid of skulls sees farthest."

Archaelus

Greetings Archaelus,

The ONA and the ToB are very similiar in structure. However, our culling perspective is less "justified" by honor or morality. We cull because we are the predators and they are the prey. Simple as that. We do engage in culling for certain traits sometimes, but this is either for aeonic or personal reasons. Some of our tasks differ. Our physical tasks are designed to first breakdown the individual and create a "death" experience, after which the new Noctulian is built up.

Also we have come across some interesting Vampiric groups that are decidedly Sinister. We have new methods that both speed the ascent as well as push it to new heights.

Vampirism is the Sinister Path. Esoterically, the ToB possesses knowledge that no other groups does. We have techniques for re-programming the psyche previously only shared in high-security military sectors, strict cults, and others social control groups. We are very broad in our operations. We differ in form and results. Later on there are some MSS I will send to you that will give you a better idea. If you are patient, all

will be revealed. Things are going very high speed. I am currently weeding out the ToB Blood Pool by giving individuals tasks I know they will fail in. This will leave the quality, while cutting quantity. We have complete respect for the ONA, they pushed many limits, now we are here to push them further.

In time we can meet up and go over all of this. Plan on being fully involved with us by late 2004, early 2005. Until then you can study our public MSS and continue to merge with the Blood Pool.

Ascend the Pyramid,

BLKV
TOB

(the following is a q&a session wherein I asked Blood Lord Karnac Velton (BLKV) a few things about my nomination to Czar. His replies are in red)

BL,

I've taken a somewhat lengthy and deep meditation and contemplation period, saturating myself with that which I can only term the Eternal. I have emerged with a few questions before we proceed into this realm of absolute possibility.

This is ideal, those of the ToB should conduct themselves from the perspective of the Eternal - "Build not upon sand but upon rock, and build not for today or yesterday, but all time".

With the changes the TOB has undergone in the past couple of months, has Christian Identity been kept as a right-wing arm of the Tempel? If not, have they been replaced by an even more adept afliate? If so, who?

Various branches serve as destructive forces, CI has the fanaticism to create some very dangerous soldiers, cannon fodder for the Dark Gods. However, it does exist mostly as a destructive force, we are still designing a plan for some things. I will answer this in an email of its own later, I cannot do it justice here. This is something we will discuss.

What exactly is the heirarchal structure of the TOB? So far I've heard a few terms in relation to any kind of ranking: Czar, Blood Lord, Noctulian and Neonate; and it seems that Noctulian includes the frst two.

A Noctulian is someone who has achieved the death of the original human inhabiting the vessel and had that vessel taken over by "Those Out of Space" ie: The Undead, Dark Gods, etc... It is after the stage of Breakthrough.

The ToB is run by the Blood Lord and Blood Mistress (myself and partner). Czar Azag-Kala is something like a right (LEFT) hand man.

Czars and Czarinas are those who have achieved Breakthrough. No one below External Adeptship (using ONA terminology) can claim this title.

The Blood Lord is the entity that the previously inhabiting spirit of this vessel invoked, it is ONE with the ToB. They are nondiferent.

The previously inhabiting entity we shall call "R". "R" put his literal Blood into the creation of the ToB and basically, gave himself as an opfer in the process. The Gift was recieved, and now the ToB is. Czar Azag-Kala is something akin to the "Crawling Chaos" - Blind Idiot God Azag-thoth. He has been chained to the Throne of BL KV and his Blood Essence is being culled to rend this terra. This is not negative towards him, he is honored in the ToB.

He has sufered for Shaitan and is a genuine Predator. The Czar has his own Blood Pool which is the membership of the BLANK, this Tempel is going to be brought above ground soon enough. Those who join are fed upon by the Czar, and the Mistress and I feed from him. The Tempel will have no open connection to the ToB, but those within

who prove worthy will be taken into the ToB.

In this heirarchal system, what living person is at the very top? How was this position taken by him/her? I know that there is a defnite and fat answer to this... that there is no super-secret "Council of the Nine" or "Ascended Dark Masters" that can be given credit for the work of a single man or woman.

If this has not yet been answered, I have taken this position. Normally I don't even deal with my Initiates personally, so this is obvious when the Czar defers to me, but since I have been talking to you directly, this has been less obvious. This position was taken naturally, as I am a Living Nexion. I am the ToB.

Approximately how many "members" of the TOB are actively involved in the Tempel and have progressed above the rank of "neonate"?

While we have had tons of Neonates, most fail quickly. Only the triune of BMDV, BLKV, and Czar Azag-Kala have shown the necessary Sinister Intent and Core. No others have

ascended into the Family. A few others that are worthy work with us, but are not considered members, they keep a distance for security reasons. Some ONA types aid us, since we obviously aid the Sinister Dialect, but they are not members.

I notice only about 5 members on the TOB egroup... why is that?

Not sure, last I checked there was 41.

- As a Czar, what would I specifcially and individually add to the Tempel and to the exactment of Sinister activism through the Tempel? What do I, specifcally, offer to the Tempel that CANNOT be found in the next initiate?

That is really an individual matter, that will be more revealed when we talk in person. But you begin to offer more to the Tempel simply by virtue of working closer with us. Neonates are kept distant and they are not treated as equals for some time. They have to pour massive amounts of Blood Essence into the Tempel before we accept them. This keeps us from wasting time on those not worthy. This also bonds them to the Tempel and causes the

Tempel to Grow. However, Czars are Royalty. They are Family. They are to be treated as such by all Neonates and those of the higher status.

I understand that, as you say, I am on a "need to know basis." As I've said before, I was in the United States Marine Corps, so I do know exactly what that statement means. As far as these questions go understand that I need to know.

I hope this clarifes things, write me if you need further clarifcation. It also for you to understand the the Czars are qualitatively "Falcifer" and the ToB is "Vindex". Through the eforts of the Czars, a powerful Sinister Nexion is opening and the Earth is being saturated with Darkness.

I am soon to send the picture of Hinterlands. I also will include an article from the ToA on the Vampiric aspects of Vaisnava. This essay will provide a nice addition to your studies of the Bhagavad-Gita. In Blood,

BLKV
ToB

Archaelus,

I believe you have answered this question yourself. There is something you possess that I have only seen within a very few. Underneath our communications lies something that is horrid to those unable to ascend. The Essence is there without any obscurity.

Czar Azag-Kala has this, as you will see when the time comes for you to visit the Hinterlands. You already have achieved what our training can offer to those who have not yet achieved Breakthrough, the only reason I even will have you study our MSS is so that you can get a feel for how we operate and allow you to work with us better.

While there are more advanced ordeals and processes you will be put through, you have already uncovered the essence of the vibration Ga Wath Am. I believe you are at the very least what the ONA refers to as an "External Adept".

After you become saturated with our Blood Essence and begin association with the other Noctulians, I believe wonderful and horrid things will unfold for Terror Firma. They already are. I

am certain that trials of shock, torture, and adversity will not frighten you away, nay, they attract you. As they do all Noctulians.

Those of the ToB are the elite coming together and mutually ascending, a mutual deception of the Herd. One of us alone is a horrid and powerful entity, three of us, or even four of us? Nothing on this terra can compete with that. Every single one of us is capable of playing Messiah, of commanding and controlling the minds of many. I only want an elite, you are elite. I am certain I can seperate talkers from doers, your words are not empty and hallow. You are obviously not of the Herd, I could go on, but it is simple. I will not waste time working with humans despite their cries to be let into our Immaculate Temple. You however, will not only be allowed in, you are invited. That has never before happened. I have not yet met you in person, but I know you well enough. I have tasted your Blood Essence. Now you are welcome to bath in the ToB Blood Pool. Let its Blood fill you, choke you, gag you, and transform you. I believe I will send a letter I once recieved from Czar Azag-Kala to you

that talks of his experience of recieving our Rain of Mercy. They will be sent out tonight.

Now, a few thoughts on the right wing. While none yet show Adept potential, the ToB is creating a movement that will skim from Aryanist, Satanic, and Misanthropic circles and elite. They will make up the VVM (Vindex Velton Movement). I will send something about that in the letter as well.

But to achieve a Western Imperium those of the TOB should meditate on the different pathways to achieve this.

Anton Long of the ONA gives two examples - Folk Culture, and National Socialism. Folk Culture has a variety of possibilities that can be included under that header. National Socialism evokes very specific connotations when thought of in relation to it's manifestation in the German State but if it is considered as a certain political infrastructure, the "flavors" can change according to the specific cultural and geographical area which is hosting it as a political form.

We are working primarily with America, as we have seen National Socialism has not yet adhered in any significant way to the fabric of American culture. It is possible for one to arise in

Europe, but being totalitarian I don't see Americans buying into it, they are still obsessed with their supposed "free democracy". NS is considered a "foreign" doctrine due to WW2. NS movements are a destructive power to be wielded against the Magian, we need to build something solid. The religious NS types seem to be waiting for Vindex (Kalki, Yashua, etc...) and are definitely good for a Ragnorak.

CI groups could pull off some rural communities, while the militants cannot lest it turn into a "Waco" incident. But many of them are still swayed by old Judeo-Xtian ideas. Not all of them, but most. These types could be turned into living sigils and Nexions to bring forth Vindex in all his manifestations and the more militant can spread the ghastly theories of dear, beloved Shugara.

While only NS is given as an example of what a Western Imperium

could be like within ONA MSS, think on the Confederate States prior to the Civil War. Blacks were to do all the hard manual labor, while whites were left to business, intellectual, philosophical, and spiritual pursuits.

There was a state mandated stress on personal honor and lessons in chivarly and Arthurian legend were actually stressed more than the hard sciences. Women revered (Baphomet?) and such practices as duelling were not only common place, but encouraged. It was agriculture based. You can see what I am hinting at, NS Germany was for Europe, what Antebellum South was for the US.

The ideas of state rights are still very alive in the south. It is not an alien concept like NS to our soil. It is part of the HERITAGE of the south. The entire region is still covered with battlegrounds. Limited government concepts in the southern states and Posse Comitatus "county level" limited government pursuant to the Articles of Confederation pushes towards "independant states" concept while holding on to Western and non-Magian ideology.

I would elucidate further on some of these ideas and possibilities, but I think you can take this open ended, and come to your own conclusions.

These are just a few of many aeonic possibilities we have, the world is ours to destroy and create as we see fit.

Ga Wath Am,

BLKV

ToB

HARVEST THE EARTH